The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1898.

The Week.

The Spanish Commissioners at Paris are arguing away just as if it made any difference who wins the legal debate. In the end we shall throw the sword in to tip the scale, which makes their stubbornness in presenting legal objections to our demands seem peculiarly absurd. They have now, for example, asked our Commissioners, to whom is Spain to cede the sovereignty of Cuba? Not to the United States, for we do not want to take over a sovereignty that carries a big debt with it. It must be to the Cubans then, infer the Spanish; but if so, why are not the Cubans here to take it? No, it is not to the Cubans, either, reply our Commissioners. What, cry the astonished Spaniards, is there such a thing as a dormant sovereignty? Can we cede the sovereignty over Cuba to parties unnamed and unknown—hang it up in the air, as it were? They go on very confidently to affirm that such a thing as a dormant sovereignty is unknown to international law. This may seem to them a poser, but we are confident our Commissioners will crush them in rejoinder. Dormant sovereigns may be unfamiliar to international law, but they may be seen in large numbers in the United States. Dormant sovereignty is really in the same legal category as Republican apathy, so far as we can see. Both are abnormal, but both exist. Besides, the Spanish have got to get out of Cuba anyhow. They may say that they have international law on their side. We say, that's all right, but we have the island on our side.

We apprehend that there is no difference of opinion in this country on the question of assuming that part of the so-called Cuban debt which was incurred in suppressing local rebellions against the authority of Spain. Everybody rejects the proposal at once. All debts incurred for other purposes, such as the building of railroads, docks, or other improvements, whether those improvements are now available or not, rest on a different basis. They ought to go with the island, and remain a charge on its revenues. It does not follow that the United States ought to assume them or guarantee them, and we shall not assume them, but we ought to concede, so far as we are asked to do so, that such debts are a just charge upon the future government of the island. If Spain says that she must repudiate the Cuban war debt in whole or in part, or must scale down the interest, that is her lookout. The present Paris conference is analogous to the one which took place after our Revolutionary war. If Great Britain had presented a claim that that portion of her debt which was incurred in the war to suppress the uprising of the colonies should be assumed by the United States, she would have been smiled and bowed out of the room.

It is certainly a happy incident of our early government of Cuba and Porto Rico that it is a military government, putting at our disposal men like Gen. Wood. Army officers are, as a class, picked men, and their professional career relieves them of many of the temptations to which a civilian governor would be subject. Having power as well as responsibility, and intelligence as well as opportunity, they are peculiarly fitted for the work of restoring order in Cuba and presiding over the period of transition in Porto Rico. Another very important consideration is that their army pay is high enough to be an adequate return, pecuniarily, for their services. Gen. Wood must now be in receipt of a salary amounting all told to $7,500. It is doubtful if Congress, in providing a civil establishment for Cuba, would consent to pay such a salary to a mere governor of a province. One reason, in fact, why first-class men are not found in our consular service is that the Government will not pay enough to get first-class men. The case is very different, as is well known, with the English colonial service. To induce able men to risk life and health in arduous duties in unhealthy climates, a sufficient money reward must be offered them. Fortunately, as we say, the problem is temporarily solved for us in our temporary military government of Cuba and Porto Rico, by the very fact that it is a military government. The officers in command both are well paid and have an opportunity to do a work even more worth while than fighting battles. Some general will have to do for Havana what Gen. Wood has done for Santiago, and what the English have done in Kingston—convert a fever-hole into a city with no more than the ordinary risks to health of a town in the tropics.

There is an unfortunate ambiguity in the President's attitude and speeches on his Western tour. This arises from the fact that he has to make partisan addresses in the guise of a non-partisan. When he exhorts his audiences to stand by him until the "fruits of the war" are secure, what does he mean? He really means, of course, that people must not vote the Democratic ticket in November. But he cannot say this directly, for two reasons. One is that he is travelling about as a "war President," the Chief Executive of a nation that has sunk all its "differences at home." Besides that, the Democratic party is not committed against garnering the fruits of the war. It is divided or silent on that question, as Mr. McKinley very well knows. But the Democrats are displaying an uncommon desire to garner the fruits of the congressional elections, and that is really what excites the apprehensions of the President. He scents a certain party dissatisfaction if the Republicans find that, while they have been gathering tropical fruits in Cuba and the Philippines, the Democrats have been laying in a winter's supply of native fruit in the shape of Representatives and Senators. But he can express his fears on this subject only vaguely and indirectly, so that the net result is little more than to give his party a fright.

The campaign in Pennsylvania grows more interesting every week. All authorities agree that the State has never, within the memory of people now living, been so interested in State affairs as it is now in the question whether Quay shall be given a fresh lease of power as ruler of the commonwealth. The Rev. Dr. Swallow is making speeches of the most vigorous sort; and his single-plank platform, "Thou shalt not steal," is arousing great enthusiasm everywhere. Mr. Wanamaker is again on the stump, denouncing the machine and exposing its misdeeds with a directness and particularity never before known. He does not hesitate to say that there are "400,000 Republicans who to-day believe they cannot support the party nominee and preserve their self-respect." In this speech, too, for the first time so far as we have observed, Mr. Wanamaker mentioned the Independent nominee for Governor in a way that was practically equivalent to endorsing his candidacy, saying of him: "Dr. Swallow has touched a popular chord by striking fearlessly at the heart of corruption, and convincing every voter in the State that he is opposed to Quayism and everything the word implies."

Mr. Edward M. Shepard made a very effective answer to the arguments which Seth Low and other advocates of "straight Republicanism" are advancing in favor of voting for the whole Platt ticket this year, for members of the Legislature and Congress as well as for State officers, in his speech in Brooklyn last Thursday. He called attention to the fact that all our State elections, under the new Constitution, occur in even years—that is, in years in which there

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is either a Congresional or a Presidential election, and added:

"If the argument be good for anything, then it is good for this: that, as a matter of permanent policy solemnly adopted by us, the elections in this State are to be like the elections in Maine and Vermont in the September preceding the national election—mere skirmishes preliminary to the Presidential battle, and in which the special welfare of the State has no part."

That is the position in which the Republican managers desire to place the State permanently. We used to be asked regularly, when city elections occurred in Presidential years, to sacrifice this city to the cause of high tariff or some other national issue. Now we are asked to sacrifice both the city and the State, so far as the efforts of our representatives in the Legislature are concerned, in order that sound money may be upheld in Congress. Two years hence we shall be asked to sacrifice the governorship and Legislature again on that or some other national ground, and so on indefinitely. And in every recurring election, our bosses, secure in the belief that the people will listen to the appeal, will put up their most subservient tools for the Legislature, and thus maintain their ownership of it and perpetuate their ability to collect "contributions."

Judge Van Wyck made one observation in his Brooklyn speech which will delight the Boys of all parties, and will serve as a sure indication to all civil-service reformers that they need expect no aid from him after election. He spoke of himself as one who "believes that the sentiment of forbearance is one of the cardinal principles of the social compact; that the willingness to live and let live is an essential attribute of every true son of a republic, lacking only in the arrogant, narrow-minded, and egotistical who may be dominated by the sentiment, 'I am holier than thou,' a way of thinking which has no place among freemen." There never was a spoilsman who did not loathe the "holier-than-thou men." Gov. Black could with difficulty express the contempt he felt for them, and Abe Gruber has been making unsuccessful efforts to entirely free his mind on the same subject for many years. The Judge shows that his heart is in the right place when he picks out this phrase to express his feelings, and he displayed the kind of "sand" which his illustrious brother, our Mayor, possesses when he used it in the presence of Edward M. Shepard, who was to speak in advocacy of him a moment later. Mr. Shepard is one of the most useful "holier-than-thou" men we have ever had in the Democratic party, and we should like to know how he regards the Judge as a possible civil-service reformer.

Judge Daly's impressive words in accepting the Republican nomination for reëlection ought to stir the indignation of every honest citizen. He is denied a reëlection by Croker because he would not do Croker's bidding and make Mike Daly, a notoriously incompetent and worthless person, a clerk in his court. That is the issue. As Judge Daly puts it:

"It is simply and solely a question whether the freedom of the judicial office is assailed. The judge who has done his duty fearlessly and has been deaf to every consideration but justice, stands for an immutable principle, and any nomination of candidates against him for the purpose of defeating him, is none the less calculated to destroy the independence of the judiciary, and is a menace to the public safety."

Croker's absolute control of judicial nominations, as well as of all others, is undisputed. He has made no attempt to conceal it. Last year, when, for reasons of his own, he desired to confer a Supreme Court Judgeship upon Francis M. Scott, he refused to allow Judge Andrews to be renominated, and gave his place to Scott. This year, when he wishes to punish Judge Daly, he returns to Andrews and puts him forward. Nobody knew until the last moment what the Tammany judicial ticket would be. Croker was balancing the claims of the various aspirants, and was making up his mind as to the most politic selection for him to effect. The final choice was entirely his own, as it has been for years.

Mr. Croker is evidently willing to have the issue which he has raised in regard to Judge Daly's candidacy made so plain that the people of the city cannot misunderstand it. In a carefully prepared statement, published on Saturday, he says:

"I never asked Justice Daly to do anything for me personally or politically in my life. I suppose he refers to a request made of him by Tammany Hall to appoint Michael T. Daly a clerk in his court. If that was what he meant, Tammany Hall has no apology to make for the request. Justice Daly was elected by Tammany Hall, after he was discovered by Tammany Hall, and *Tammany Hall had a right to expect proper consideration at his hands.*"

That is free confession that Judge Daly's offence was solely his refusal to appoint Mike Daly to a clerkship. Of course, Tammany Hall is a euphemism for Croker, for he is absolute boss of it. "Proper consideration" from a judge means willingness to do whatever Croker asks, no matter whether it be a clerkship for Mike Daly, or "protection" for a criminal involved in the law, or what not. Croker lays it down as a recognized principle that when he puts a man on the bench he "has a right to expect proper consideration at his hands." The matter has never before been disclosed to the people of the city with quite such brutal frankness as this.

The late John M. Forbes of Boston was, by occupation, a business man, but a business man to whom business was always something more than a mere means of making money. Beginning as a youth, in the China trade which his Boston uncles had already built up, he became later a great developer of the railroad system in the West, while Michigan and Illinois were still only emerging from the period of frontier life. It was Mr. Forbes who pushed through a region of straggling villages the Michigan Central, half a century ago, and who later was the chief agent in building up the great Chicago, Burlington and Quincy system in the still further West. He made money in making railroads, but he would have taken no satisfaction in being a "railroad man" of the far too common type, whose only interest in railroads is as a means of profitable stock speculations. He enjoyed the construction of great lines of communication in new regions because he felt that he was thus helping to build up great States. He took of necessity a lively interest in public affairs, and gave generously in a thousand ways for public ends. During the civil war he was the wise adviser and efficient assistant of Gov. Andrew in Massachusetts and of President Lincoln at Washington. In 1884 he turned from the party with which he had so long been identified, because it had lowered its standard in its nomination for the Presidency. The infirmities of age had withdrawn Mr. Forbes from the activities of life, but his interest in them remained keen to the end. His was a type of patriotism that cannot be said to be multiplying, and all good causes on this continent are the poorer for his taking off.

An interesting passage in a speech by Lord Randolph Churchill has been revived in England, which current events render worthy of consideration in this country as well:

"Out of the life of every German, every Frenchman, every Italian, every Austrian, and every Russian, the respective governments of those countries took three years for compulsory military service. If they estimated that three years at eight hours a day for six days a week, they would find that it came to this—that out of the life of every European in those nations he had mentioned no less than 7,500 hours were taken for compulsory military service, during which time the individual so deprived was, for purposes of contributing to the well-being of the community as a whole by his labor, as idle, as useless, as unprofitable as if he had never been born. But in our free and happy country, where the freedom of existence has practically no reasonable limit, and where only a minute portion of the population embraced a military career, every man who lived to the age of twenty-three or twenty-four years possessed, as an extra capital over the inhabitants of foreign countries, at least 7,500 hours more during which he could contribute to his own well-being and to the general well-being of the community."

It has always been the boast of our republic that we had no large standing army, and that we should never run the risk of compulsory military service for our young men. But now many of our statesmen are declaring that we must have a large standing army; Senator Hawley of Connecticut, for example, says that we must have 100,000 regu-

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lars to keep order in the East and West Indies. Meanwhile the regulars we already have are trying to get out of the service—92 discharges of such troops in a single day last week, a Washington correspondent reports. If we are to send 100,000 regulars to Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines, how are we going to get them except by a recourse to that compulsory military service which has proved such a strain upon the young men of Continental nations?

Expansionist morals sometimes read very queerly in cold type. Here is Capt. Younghusband in the *Contemporary* explaining the morality of partitioning China. He says that the Chinese have simply no right to their own country, holding it and using it as they do. "When a section of the human race occupies one of the richest parts of the whole earth, makes only very partial use of the riches it contains, and refuses to let others come and exploit it, that section must be made to give up its exclusive pretensions." Capt. Younghusband is a great traveller and a high authority on China, but when he undertakes to teach us morals as well as geography, we demur. His principle is fearfully elastic. What country is safe if it may properly be despoiled for making only a partial use of its riches, and keeping out those who wish to exploit it? Spain is not; she is the lawful prey of the first comer who could better develop her neglected natural resources. France is not, nor Germany, nor the United States, who all, by their protective tariffs, "refuse to let others come and exploit" them. In fact, we are not sure that even England would be safe at the hands of a rigorous Chinese logician. Are English game-preserves and great areas of land out of cultivation tolerable from the standpoint of the swarming Chinese? Capt. Younghusband lays it down that "every inhabitant of the earth must have a fair opportunity of sharing in the limited amount of products which the earth affords." If Li Hung Chang could not, on this ground, demand cessions of English territory with as good a right as Capt. Younghusband demands Chinese territory, why not? Only because he has not the guns to make his morals good.

At the dinner given in London the other evening to Prof. Virchow by the medical men, Surgeon-General Jameson of the Army Medical Staff spoke of the work of his department in the recent Indian and Egyptian campaigns. In all the operations on the Indian frontier there had not been one case of septic disease from beginning to end. So brilliant a success could not, of course, be reported from the banks of the Nile, where there is enteric fever all the year round, but even with Kitchener's army the results achieved by the medical staff had been excellent. Dr. Jameson attributed the efficiency of the staff simply to the fact that it was completely organized and kept fully abreast of the time, medically. It learned by its own misfortunes, and also, he added, by the misfortunes of others. The Americans had twice furnished them an object-lesson how not "to improvise an efficient medical service with outside material." Thus we see that even our good friends the English are aware of the scandalous breakdown of our army management. It is, as the Philadelphia *Medical Journal* reasserts, the enormous death-rate in the military camps which constitutes the crying shame of the conduct of the war. This is the thing which the President's committee must explain if it can.

Mr. Asquith followed Lord Rosebery last week in speaking up for continuity in foreign policy, and in applauding Lord Salisbury for the strong tone he had adopted in his dispatches about the French at Fashoda. Both Mr. Asquith and Rosebery are competitors for the leadership of the Liberal party, and their speeches, stoutly imperialistic as they are, will not fail to be given a political significance at home as well as abroad. Lord Rosebery has probably a better "record" as a Liberal Imperialist than any prominent man in his party. He was early a patron of Imperial Federation and has been astute enough not to antagonize, as Mr. Morley and Mr. Bryce have done, the recent Indian and Egyptian campaigns and policies. With the tide of Imperialism running as strongly as it is in England, Rosebery's chances of resuming the leadership of his party are brighter than they would be if it were a question simply of personal ascendency or domestic politics.

What seems certain about Egypt is that nobody who wants to fight England can well fight her there. The war will have to be carried on in some other part of the world, and the only part where she seems vulnerable is India; but even there the difficulties of reaching the field of action, as long as England controls Egypt, seem insurmountable. If France has military power anywhere, it is in France. She has, of course, a base in Algeria and Tunis, but it is a base which needs to be supported by a navy. Under these circumstances, it seems very unlikely that France wants really to quarrel with England about Fashoda or anything else, but it does seem as if she wished to seem to her own people to be ready to quarrel. "A vigorous foreign policy" is popular in any powerful democracy. Every democratic people, of all things, expects its Government to stand no nonsense from foreigners, or at all events to show that it is not afraid of them, and that it would take very little to make it fight them. The nagging of England ever since the occupation of Egypt has been incessant, probably for this reason, and has been stimulated by Lord Salisbury's extraordinary peaceableness. The matter now seems to have reached a crisis, and the crisis will probably end the whole trouble.

What the Fashoda affair suggests as remarkable is the incapacity for energetic initiative which seems to have come over the French nation under the republic. It has always been restless, but under the monarchies it accomplished something. In our own time it freed Italy and bolstered up the Pope, started an empire in Mexico, and had a powerful say in Continental politics. In no thirty years of its history has it been so anxious to do something great as in the last thirty, and in none have its efforts after greatness been so abortive. The way the country has taken refuge under the army in the Dreyfus affair, and the nature of the expedient to which it has thought it necessary to resort, in order to keep the army in good humor, furnish an extraordinary illustration of the loss of national self-confidence. And over all hangs that dreadful certainty that any government in France which goes to war and does not succeed at once, will perish. This certainty has probably more to do with keeping the peace than any other cause. The only military venture she would attempt would probably be one like ours—an attack on some small or weak Power like Spain.

The comic aspects of the Emperor William's journey to Palestine do not blind European observers to the shrewd stroke of business he is in a fair way to transact with the Sultan. German interests in Asia Minor are already large. A railway from Constantinople to the upper waters of the Euphrates is already building, financed by the Deutsche Bank, and will be completed in five years. It is hinted in Berlin that the Kaiser is going to ask the Commander of the Faithful to give him a port on the Syrian coast—none other than Haifa, where there is already a prosperous German colony. Haifa is just south of Acre, which Napoleon called the "key of Syria," and it is from Haifa, as Major Conder declared twenty years ago, that the true all-rail route to the East must start. Putting these things together, Germans are talking of the Emperor's visit to Jerusalem as marking one step more in the resolute turning of their country towards markets and influence in the Orient. They are calculating how many colonists could be supported in the fertile territory to the northwest of Syria, and are arguing that, if strongly posted in Palestine, they will be at the meeting-point of the great lines of railway communication certain to be built in time from Hong Kong and Cape Colony. These may be dreams, but they are dreams upon which investors are willing to risk their money.

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NOVEL LEGISLATION.

The Governor of Illinois is to-day, by general admission, one of the most worthless politicians in the country. Not one of them has been mixed up in more shady schemes, or has excited more alarm and anxiety among that portion of the people of the State who love their country and wish to live by honest industry. He is what is commonly called "self-educated," but no one ever knows anything about the education of a self-educated man except what comes out through his conduct; and what has come out through Tanner's conduct makes his education seem exceedingly defective. How he became Governor of Illinois, this is not the place to explain. He became so in what we may call the usual way—the way Tillman became Governor of South Carolina, and Flower and Hill Governors of New York; but Tanner is about as low down as governorships have gone. Now we advise every man who loves his country not to refuse to read anything about Tanner because it makes him low-spirited or "pessimistic," or makes him doubt whether we can safely "expand" or "elevate" mankind, or makes him dislike his *Nation*. Reading about these things is just as prominent a part of a good citizen's duty as fighting in Cuba or Manila; and a young man who refused to fight in Cuba or Manila would have been visited with scorn. Reading about the Tanners and watching the Tanners is, in fact, at this period of our history, just as sacred a duty as charging batteries or sinking ships. It is not pleasant reading, but duty reading seldom is.

It must be remembered, too, that there is not a particle of truth in the story the "expansionists" are trying to spread that, if we expand, we shall get rid of the Tanners, and that their tricks will become too "parochial" to trouble us. There could hardly be a grosser error. This is like supposing that you can get rid of vermin by taking a walk. The only way to get rid of vermin is by changing your clothes and taking baths. This is not a pleasant simile, but it is as pleasant as the thing we seek to illustrate. You cannot get rid of a Tanner by seizing territory at the other end of the earth. You might annex the whole of Asia, and raise an army of 200,000 men, and the Tanners would let you do it gladly on condition that you would let them alone. For the more absorbed you were in "elevating mankind," the freer course they would have in carrying on their little games and trying their social experiments.

What are their social experiments? you will ask. Well, here is one of them: There is a mining company in Illinois which within a few weeks has had a strike among its white workmen. The strike had been attended with a good deal of parleying, during which the Governor kept supplying interviews to the newspapers, in which he gave the company and the workmen plainly to understand that he would under no circumstances protect the employers against violence in case they brought men from other places to take the places of the strikers. The employers, nevertheless, perhaps thinking he would be better than his word, brought negro workmen from Alabama to Illinois, where there has been complaint for thirty years that the negroes in the South did not get fair play. When the negroes came along in the train, the white citizens, many of whom propose to "elevate" the Tagals, collected on a high place, and, momentarily neglecting the Tagals, opened a heavy fire on the negroes, but drew upon themselves a fire from the stockaded mine which killed or wounded several of their number. Here Tanner comes on the scene. Before the battle he issued a proclamation, in spite of his want of education, promulgating principles of government which will doubtless be introduced among the Tagals. Certainly, if his is a good way to govern American citizens, it is also a good way to govern the Tagals. Tanner is, in other words, taking on himself calmly and bravely the responsibilities thrust upon us by Dewey's victory, as are Griggs of New Jersey and thousands of other publicists all over the country. They place their juridical capacities at the disposal of the republic. But Tanner is first in the field. What is his contribution to the science of government, of which the Tagals will undoubtedly have the benefit after it has been thoroughly tried in Illinois? This:

> "It sometimes becomes necessary for an executive to enforce the law in advance of its enactment. Public sentiment crystallizes into law. I am thoroughly satisfied that the public sentiment of the good, patriotic citizens of our State is overwhelmingly opposed to this system; that if the operators import this labor they do it at their peril and receive no aid from this State while I am Governor."

We see here that the Governor anticipates what he knows to be the wishes of the community, and legislates *ad hoc*, so to speak, to meet a pressing emergency. But there is hardly a doubt that he can foresee "the crystallizing of sentiment" on other subjects as well as this, and thus save the Legislature an enormous amount of trouble. This seems to us, in fact, to offer a ready way out of the difficulty about biennial sessions. The Governor openly refuses protection to a large class of American citizens, not Tagals, following their lawful callings, on grounds which seem to him good, and he threatens to take the field against them, at the head of an armed force, should they attempt to exercise the rights secured to them by the old State Constitution! Whether this will "elevate" the people of Illinois we do not like to say without further observation, but the entrance into our forum of these new principles of public polity deserves the careful examination of all those who are interested in extending our empire.

ON THE RIGHT BASIS.

The formal utterances of both of our New York candidates for Governor are in the direction of a campaign on State issues alone. Col. Roosevelt, in a speech in this city, made direct mention of the canal frauds, and pledged himself squarely to punish the officials guilty of committing them, in case of his election. Speaking of the course he should pursue as Governor, he said:

> "The one indispensable requisite in every public servant with whom I have to deal will be honesty. Much has been said as to the mismanagement of the canals. I would in no manner prejudge the case, but if upon investigation I shall find that either the system or the methods of administration are wrong, then they shall be changed, and if it shall prove that any man has been dishonest he shall most assuredly be punished. So it shall be with every other office that comes under me."

The only criticism to be made upon this declaration is its assumption that the frauds are still matters to be proved. This is untenable in view of the findings of Gov. Black's commission, a body chosen by the Governor in person to investigate the doings of the Governor's own appointees, and consequently above all suspicion of hostility to the officials implicated. This commission in its report said: "The facts we have ascertained and reported account for the improper expenditure of $1,000,000, exclusive of moneys paid out for ordinary and extraordinary repairs, which amount to not less than $1,500,000." It also said that all the abuses which resulted in this "improper expenditure" could have been prevented by proper administration, adding: "The failure to so act unites the Superintendent of Public Works [Aldridge] with the State Engineer [Adams] in a common responsibility." Of Aldridge's guilt in the matter there is not a particle of doubt. We do not believe there is any in Col. Roosevelt's mind. Neither do we believe that if he is elected Governor he will consent to reappoint Aldridge, whose term will expire with Gov. Black's. Payn's term, on the contrary, will run a year after the new Governor takes office, and disposition of him is likely to prove a more troublesome question to the Colonel, if he becomes Governor, than that of Aldridge.

The straightforward manner in which Judge Van Wyck, in his letter of acceptance, has taken hold of the canal question, and, indeed, of other State issues, will compel Col. Roosevelt to fulfil to the letter his avowed determination to speak with perfect frankness upon all of them during his present tour through the State. This will be a distinct gain for the people in every way, for it will concentrate their attention upon the real problem before them, that of good State government, and will put

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aside all questions of "empire," and "war," and "manifest destiny," which have no more to do with the result than the doctrine of eternal punishment has. Judge Van Wyck's letter is a model of its kind. If he could be separated from his Tammany company, if positive assurance could be given that, if elected Governor, he would be his own master, his letter would be an almost unanswerable document in favor of his election. There is no demagogism in it, no extraneous matter, nothing except a frank, intelligent, and adequate presentation of the real questions at issue. He assumes, quite properly, that the facts of canal frauds have been established by the report of the Governor's commission, and makes an effective point when he says that the managers of the Republican party refuse to accept the report as "conclusive of anything," and adds:

> "When we further remember that the errors and frauds and partisan misuses of power, traced home and fixed by the commission, were all committed by the supporters, representatives, and followers of the gentlemen who controlled the convention from whose platform I have just quoted, it might seem as if the appeal for a new lease of power were addressed rather to the lovers of comedy than to men with whom the conduct of public affairs is a serious business."

The Judge comes out squarely against the Raines liquor law as "partisan in its purposes and oppressive in many directions," declares himself in "complete accord" with the biennial-sessions amendment, and commends the platform's declaration in favor of "honest civil-service laws." As we have said, if he stood by himself, if he were not known to be the personal choice of Croker, if his brother, also the personal choice of Croker, were not Mayor of this city, with a term of office running through the term of the next Governor, this letter would be an almost unanswerable campaign document. As it is, it is nothing more than a series of fair professions and promises from a man of excellent character who has for years been content to train with the most disreputable gang of politicians this country has ever known, and has consented to accept a nomination for Governor from the leader of that gang, who is himself the worst specimen we have yet had of the party boss. These are conditions of environment which make it impossible to treat Judge Van Wyck's professions and promises as worth anything like their face value. Undoubtedly, he would rid us of Republican canal rascals, but what kind of men would he give us in their stead? Is there anything to choose between Platt officials and Croker officials? Can we not trust Col. Roosevelt on this issue more implicitly than we can Judge Van Wyck? Does anybody suppose that, having put Aldridge out of office, Roosevelt would replace him with another man of the same type?

Then, too, in regard to "honest civil-service laws"—can any person of intelligence read the Democratic plank in favor of them and Judge Van Wyck's solemn approval of it without a smile? Gov. Black was undoubtedly an enemy of civil-service reform, and did his utmost to undo all that had been accomplished in its name, but is Tammany any more of a friend to it, and what Democratic Governor have we had in this State since Cleveland who was in any sense its friend? As between Roosevelt and Van Wyck on that issue, every civil-service reformer will pin his faith to the former. We need no pledge of any kind from him that he will continue to be faithful to the cause for which he has fought so persistently throughout his career.

In short, when we get the campaign down to State issues alone, we narrow it mainly to a question of character in the candidates, as shown by the experience of each in public office; and the weight of evidence is here very largely in favor of Roosevelt. Behind each man stands a disreputable and corrupt boss who will do his utmost to control him. The question for each doubting voter to ask himself is, Which of the two men is more likely to break away from his boss and act in the interest of the people? We do not see how any real independent can answer this question in favor of Croker's nominee.

THE BOSS AND THE BAR.

If it has not been long foreseen, it might have been, that a boss without a bar association would never be able to do his full duty. As long as judges are nominated by him he will need a bar association to put them through while a bar association is in existence which presumes to pass on his selections. In fact, it has been perfectly plain to most people that, as soon as the boss system reached full power, a good bar association would be necessary to its efficiency. It is far more necessary to the boss, if he is to nominate judges, than a club, for instance, and yet Mr. Croker has a very fine club. He has already arranged to do almost without newspapers, which shows a considerable advance in the science of government. In the early days of democracy, it used to be supposed that one of the essential properties of popular government was a free press. But Mr. Croker has shown clearly that this is a mistake; that popular government can be carried on just as well, or, indeed, better, without it. The saving of labor and expense in this is very great.

But he has gone on too long fancying he could do without a bar association. After he has made his nominations for the bench, the interference of a bar association not under his control may, of course, frustrate his whole plan of campaign, and make many of his judges troublesome or insurbordinate. There ought not to be any bar association interfering with such matters at all, but, in times like the present, men will presume and meddle. There is no mode, as yet, of preventing the formation of such associations, but we see from the way the one now in existence is behaving, what happens when their organization is permitted without proper supervision. In the first place, they have gone and made it an exclusive and comparatively small body. A large portion of the bar is excluded from it, including a very large body of our young shysters, who are kept out by these superfine gentlemen simply because they are trying to earn a living. What is alleged against them is that they have no "character," as if character had anything to do with citizenship or eligibility for office; as if Mr. Croker himself had any character or ever felt the need of one. Moreover, as has been pointed out, many members of the bar are outside of the association for no earthly reason except that they have been doing something which these "namby-pamby fellows" consider disreputable, although their standing in Tammany Hall is perfectly good. The notion that a judge should have a better character than other office-holders has been sedulously spread by these dandies, and has already done a good deal of mischief, and it is time there were an end put to it. They have spread, too, a ridiculous notion that the lawyers know more than other people about the qualifications of a judge. But everybody knows that a judge may be what they call "very learned in the law" and yet a perfect babe in politics, and may not stand well with either boss, and may, like Daly, be a perfect curmudgeon in the matter of obliging influential men.

In short, there is only one remedy—to have your own bar association to endorse your own men, to furnish what they call "character" and anything else the voters seem to call for, to your own nominees. For instance, when the other fellows say your nominee has done something dishonest, your bar association would pass a resolution saying they knew all about it, and that it was perfectly right. If the Dandy Association said he had but little practice and was ignorant of law, your own would pass a resolution saying that his practice was one of the largest in the State, and that when he was sober, he was one of our most learned lawyers; that that story about "the fraudulent divorce" had its foundation in an incident which took place when your man was travelling in India examining the laws of Manu; that the story that he gets drunk more than once a fortnight is made out of whole cloth, and has been hatched for political purposes, and that, in fact, the majority of the bar says he is one of our most deeply read jurists.

A bar association that would do this work for the boss would be exactly what is wanted at a crisis like the present.

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A bar association which does not contain the whole bar is, in fact, an absurdity in a democratic city like ours, where the principle of equality is firmly established in the institutions. For what does such an association mean? Why, that some lawyers are better than others; that some may be trusted with money, and that some may not; that some know more law than others; that some are more acute than others, and some more eloquent than others; that some are drunk, and that some are sober, and so on. In fact, its business is the foul and unfair one of making discriminations between individuals and communicating them to the public. Well, this thing has gone far enough, and we trust Mr. Croker will carry out his intention of having a bar association of his own, which will mind what he says, and, in short, be a real association of our lawyers. Such an institution would fill a long-felt want. The boss system is now our established system of government, and no rational man will say that it is complete without a bar association of the boss's attached to his club to do his professional "endorsing."

KIPLING'S RETROCESSIONAL.

In the last number of *Literature*, published in this country by the Harpers, Mr. Kipling has a poem which is simply one long sneer at the proposal of the Czar that the nations disarm. The document which seemed to bring the age-long dream of poets and seers perceptibly nearer realization is, to Mr. Kipling, only "The Truce of the Bear." Through an allegory, powerfully worked out, he warns Great Britain to put no faith in the Czar's sincerity. Matun, the blind and scarred beggar, made the fatal mistake of pitying and trusting the bear "when he reared up like a man."

"Touched with pity and wonder, I did not fire then . . .
I have looked no more on women—I have walked no more with men.
Nearer he tottered and nearer, with paws like hands that pray—
From brow to jaw, the steel-shod paw, it ripped my face away!"

And the moral for England is:

"When he shows as seeking quarter, with paws like hands in prayer,
That is the time of peril—the time of the Truce of the Bear!"

This is really only a poetic setting of an old prose utterance of Mr. Kipling's. In his story of "The Man Who Was" he wrote, "Let it be distinctly understood that the Russian is a delightful person till he tucks in his shirt." As long ago as that he was full of the idea of the Russians coming down through the Khyber Pass, and of the "terrible spree" there would be when the British met them. They were splendid fellows, those Russians, as long as it was only a question of fighting them like so many nomad Tartars; but when they set up for civilized Europeans, they became simply disgusting hypocrites. It is because the Czar has not only tucked in his own shirt, but asked the nations each to tuck in its own, that he loses all his charm for Mr. Kipling. Is it not, however, a queer way for the poet to express his disgust at a tucked-in shirt by untucking his own?

That he does this in his latest poem it seems scarcely an exaggeration to say when one sets it over against the "Recessional." At the time this justly famous production was written, the shirts of all the poets in England were flapping in the wind. They were all dithyrambic over the Jubilee, over Britain's might, over the army and navy and the colonies and the expanding empire. But their shrill notes were at once extinguished when the organ of the "Recessional" was set pealing, and they were told that, "drunk with sight of power," they were but loosing "wild tongues," and that it was only a "heathen heart" that

"puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard."

Then the poet reminded us that "navies melt away," and that "the Captains and the Kings depart," while

"Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart."

Now it is all

"There is no truce with Adam-zad, the bear that looks like a man,"

and

"Luck to the white man's rifle!"

The pity of it, however, goes beyond mere inconsistency or recantation. It is the seeming despite done to a noble sentiment. Nothing like the acclaim from the world's best which greeted the Czar's invitation to disarm was ever called forth by a public utterance of a great ruler. From the highest dignitaries of church and state, from men of light and leading all over the world, from poets and historians and orators, came the heart-felt thanks and praise. Even the Jingoes ceased their raging for one day, and paid the Czar the tribute of an astonished silence. Was it for a poet to flout his sincerity? Even if there be some ground for suspecting the entire frankness of the statesmen who surround the Czar, was it for a poet to dash the hopes and aspiration built upon the Czar's words? Not even the most cynical have ventured to question the personal sincerity of Nicholas. It seems to us a great misfortune that Mr. Kipling should appear to do so. Tennyson, no doubt, meant the Czar of his time by the "giant liar" of "Maud." He plainly called him "that o'ergrown Barbarian in the East" in his sonnet on "Poland." But that was when the Czar openly stood for serfdom and aggression. Who can doubt that Tennyson would have hailed the "Czar Disarmer" as one fulfilling his own vision of the time when the war-drum would throb no longer? He would never have made the mistake of supposing that a poet should chill, instead of warming with added glow, the most humane instincts and aspirations of the race. Politicians may sneer; statesmen may be compelled to distrust motives; but the poet who sneers and is suspicious is lost.

We presume that Mr. Kipling is a little burdened with the responsibilities of his position. He undoubtedly is, as Mr. Henley has called him, "the great living Laureate of Imperialism." He in England and Capt Mahan in this country show, in perhaps equal degree, though in such vastly different ways, that powerful writers may still mould public opinion. Imperialism, the Colonies, the far-flung battle line of the British empire—these are Mr. Kipling's poetical preserves, as it were, and he naturally resents intrusion upon them. But we think he might have chosen a happier way of advancing his cause than by implying that Imperialism necessarily means fighting, and that any ruler who professes to seek imperial ends by peaceful means is a hypocrite and a trickster.

NOTES FROM RUSSIA.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., October 13, 1898.

One of the objects of my European trip was to do some work in the principal libraries of England, Germany, and Russia. The further East one proceeds, the less accessible do the libraries become, and in St. Petersburg it would take as many months to get at the books one needs as it would take days at the Harvard or Boston Public Library. My work there was in the Oriental department, which is under the supervision of Prof. Harkavy. It was only by his special courtesy that the catalogue could be inspected, for it was his vacation and no one else connected with the institution can grant access to it. The catalogue, what there is of it, is written on bits of paper, and is arranged in alphabetical order of the first word in the title-page—a most Satanic invention. After great waste of time a few books were selected for closer inspection, but in the absence of Prof. Harkavy they could not be shown, as no one besides him knows where they are to be found.

While waiting for another day which Prof. Harkavy could give me at the library, I used my time to inspect the surroundings of the imperial city and to call on old friends. One of these I found living in Peterhof, the Czar's summer residence. Hearing that I had become an American, he took me out to show me what he thought would interest me on that account, namely, the Washington tree. We crossed on a small ferry over the river which separates Tsaritsyn Island from the shore. There we inspected the pavilion where the imperial family sometimes takes tea, and where preparations were being made for the reception of the Rumanian King, for whose entertainment a stage had been built on the water fronting the pavilion; a ballet was to be given there. Within a few steps of the pleasure-house of the Autocrat there grows the Washington Oak. It is evidently some seventy years old, is strong and healthy, and a pretty bed of fuchsias is planted right at the foot of it. A brass tablet on a brass chain hanging down from the largest branch bears witness to its American descent. On

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the one side there is a Russian inscription; on the other are the following German words:

"Die eingelegte Eichel ist abgenommen von der Eiche die das Grab des berühmten Washington beschattet, und ist presentirt zum Zeichen der grössten Verehrung seiner Majestät dem Kayser aller Reuszen
von einen [*sic!*] Amerikaner."

The reverse of the tablet, in Russian, differs in two particulars: it has the adjective *unforgettable* instead of *berühmten*, and speaks of *Americans* instead of *an American*. I could not learn by whom or when this acorn had been planted; probably some reader of this note will be able to furnish information in regard to this interesting case.

An inquiry into the circulation of books at the libraries of Russia brought out the fact that the most-read books are the works of the Polish author Sienkiewicz, then the writings of Tolstoy; a few years ago it was Bellamy who attracted the greatest attention. Most cherished after these standard writers is Chekhoff, but there is a new star rising on the literary horizon in Russia, and that is M. Gorki, who has made his début this year with two volumes of sketches and stories. He is a realistic writer of the extreme type. His subjects are all chosen from the lower strata of society. His scenes are laid in the bake-shop, along the levees, in the market-place. His descriptions of the sea are wonderful, and he paints it in all its varying moods. Another rising writer, in the field of historiography, is Prof. Milukoff, whose 'History of Russian Civilization' marks a new era. The first volume of this work, written under difficulties, in exile, has in a very short space of time reached a third edition, and the whole, even before it is finished, is being translated into German and French. Having been an ardent advocate of university extension in the English-American sense of the word, he was suspected of dangerous tendencies, and was banished to his native province; he was then permitted to leave Russia and to accept a professorship in Bulgaria. But since the *rapprochement* between the two countries, he has again been compelled to give up his position at the University, for the Russian Agent resident in Sofia represented him to the Minister of Education as a *persona non grata* to Russia. His only offence, his Bulgarian colleagues assured me, is that he did not pay the Agent a call upon his arrival in Sofia.

The hopes that the young Emperor would do something for popular education have not yet been realized. The affair with Prof. Milukoff and many others seem to indicate a retrogressive movement. At the same time there is an evident desire to appease the masses, and that is done by opening for them theatres where, for the nominal sum of ten kopeks, or five cents, one can be well entertained from six in the afternoon until eleven at night. I visited the one in the Tavricheski Sad. In spite of the cheapness of admission, a large crowd of those who could not spare ten kopeks were standing on the outside curiously eying the happy possessors of the admission fee. Within all was life. The people were standing around a stage on which there was going on a variety performance. At about nine o'clock the large theatre was opened; a dramatized form of the Russian fairy tale, "Konek Gorbunek," was given there. The singing, the ballet, the whole performance could not be surpassed in the best theatres in Russia, and the choice of the plays is evidently such as not to "endanger public morality." Between the acts there were again various performances on the smaller stage. In spite of the paternal care in giving the people so much amusement at so small a price, the masses are shy of taking advantage of these "summer theatres," as they suspect some ulterior purpose of the Government.

The people are being taken care of in another way. The sale of spirituous drinks has become a Government monopoly. The noisy saloons are rapidly disappearing, for in the new shops no liquor is sold except in sealed bottles, which must be taken away from the premises before being consumed. The spirits are much purer, much stronger, and much cheaper than before. No doubt, the intention of the authorities is to deprive the saloon of all attractiveness, and, if drink there must be, to furnish at least pure liquor instead of fusel. Opinions are divided as to the working of this new departure. Some claim that by diminishing the number of shops throughout the country, and by making it impossible for the saloonkeeper to attract his victims, this innovation tends to increase soberness. Others, again, say that it costs much less to get beastly drunk, and the masses are availing themselves beautifully of that privilege. In any case this is a very serious question for Russia, for the economic effects of drunkenness on the country are just now appalling.

Among the several unaccountable things one sees in Russia, one is struck forcibly with the differences in shop signs in the large cities. It appears that the Jews are made to write their names out in full, giving the Jewish forms of their given names instead of those actually in use by them, while the signs of the Gentiles bear only the initials. Upon asking for the cause of this, some facetious person suggested that it was done to make it easier for rioters to discover the stores to be looted. There seems to be no other explanation. LEO WIENER.

Correspondence.

SENATOR LODGE ON OUR DEBT TO CUBA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a recent speech by Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, at the Massachusetts Republican convention, a remarkable statement was made regarding American policy towards Cuba early in this century. As reported at length in a Boston newspaper, it reads as follows:

"What debt had we in Cuba? Men had forgotten the history; it had passed away in the midst of greater events; but in 1825, when the great movement of the Spanish-American revolution swept over South America and set all those populations free, it halted at the shores of Cuba. Bolivar was ready to go through Mexico, was ready to invade that island, and it would have been free without a substantial struggle. Who checked the oncoming wave? The United States. Why did we check it? Because that wave of Spanish-American revolution would wipe out freedom to slaves everywhere, and we were a slave power, and we made up our mind we would not free the black men in the island of Cuba. For that reason we checked Mexico, we held back Bolivar, and we maintained black slavery in Cuba.

"More than that, we fastened the yoke of Spain upon the island of Cuba, and then we warned all other nations of the earth that they must never enter inside of that ring, that that was an American question that it was for us alone to decide, and that Spain might do as she pleased in that island."

Mr. Lodge has something of a reputation for scholarship, and he cannot plead ignorance if he perverts the facts of American history. I should be glad to know upon what evidence he bases this singular statement concerning the policy of our national Government. In 1825 and thereabouts we had most honorable administrations, with so good an anti-slavery man as John Quincy Adams for Secretary of State and then President. One would suppose that the South American champion, Gen. Bolivar, had enough military work on his hands without invading the island of Cuba, especially when he had no navy at command. Our "Slave Power" has much to answer for, though rather later than at this particular time—it had no great control of our national policy thus early; nor have we supposed that any American administration labored very hard to preserve slavery in a foreign country for the benefit of Spain or any other European nation. To be sure, when the passion for territorial aggrandizement was strong, efforts were made to acquire Cuba, as part of this Union, by fair means or foul; and it is by no means certain that some of our national leaders now in influence have not been heading lately in a similar direction, under a like delusion of "manifest destiny." It would be mournful if the Republican party, organized originally for free soil and free labor, should double upon the course it took during the civil war, and establish race subjection once more and government by oligarchy in this free Union. JAMES SCHOULER.

BOSTON, October 14, 1898.

BRITISH SYMPATHY WITH THE CONFEDERACY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your correspondent, A. W. Savary, is mistaken in ascribing to Senator Sumner any inflammatory speech on the *Trent* affair, or any threat of attack on England in retaliation therefor. His masterly speech of January 9, 1862, confined itself to pointing out, with wealth of instances, that the demand made by Great Britain, and acceded to by us, completely vindicated our own position as to neutral ships, which had been maintained throughout our history against Great Britain herself.

As to any threat of war, Sumner wrote to John Bright in the midst of the excitement:

"Does England mean war? If so, then I must despair. I am almost a Quaker in principle. Besides, my sympathies have always been thoroughly English. On every account I protest against such a contest, and cannot write of it without emotion. Think of our abounding reciprocal sympathy changed into hate. I cannot bear the thought."

Possibly other of the four "causes" presented in your correspondent's letter may be found susceptible of revision in the light of fact. LOUISE KENNEDY.

CONCORD, MASS., October 14, 1898.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of October 6 Mr. Savary makes the statement that one of the chief causes of British sympathy with the Southern Confederacy was the stopping of the *Trent* by Commander Wilkes, and the forcible taking of the two Southern Commissioners, Slidell and Mason; and the vote of thanks passed by Congress therefor.

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John Stuart Mill, in his Autobiography, after mentioning the outbreak of the war, and his hopes of the extinction of slavery in the United States therefrom, says:

"It may be imagined with what feelings I contemplated the rush of nearly the whole upper and middle classes of my own countrymen, even those who passed for Liberals, into a furious pro-Southern partisanship; the working classes and some of the literary and scientific men being almost the sole exceptions to the general frenzy."

Mr. Mill further says:

"It was my obvious duty to be one of the small minority who protested against this perverted state of public opinion.

"I was not the first to protest, and it ought to be remembered to the honor of Mr. Hughes and Mr. Ludlow that they, by writings published at the very beginning of the struggle, began the protestation. Mr. Bright followed in one of the most powerful of his speeches. I was on the point of adding my word to theirs when there occurred the seizure of the Southern envoys on board of a British vessel."

This seems to be conclusive evidence that, so far as the *Trent* affair is concerned, it could not have been the *cause* of the British sympathy with the Confederates, as it did not occur until long after what Mr. Mill calls the "frenzied rush" into a "furious pro-Southern partisanship." W. I. J.

CLINTON, MASS., October 10, 1898.

THE CHINESE MERCHANT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of the 6th inst. you call attention to "a note of alarm regarding foreign commerce in China sounded by Dr. Paul Goldmann," to the effect that "Chinese merchants are gradually and quietly crowding out their foreign competitors." In these days when the nations of Europe seem bent upon the partition of China and opening it to the world, the following "note of alarm" which I derived several years ago from a commercial traveller may also be worth heeding.

While crossing the Atlantic in 1889, I met an Englishman, then on his fifteenth tour around the world. He represented some large Birmingham manufacturers of railroad supplies and heavy hardware, and it was his custom to go out by way of the Suez Canal every spring, and return by way of the United States in the summer. During this journey he visited the leading cities of Europe, Asia, and America, spending most of his time, however, in China and India. I was greatly surprised at what he told me in regard to the Chinese merchants. He said that in his judgment they were, all things considered, the best merchants with whom he was acquainted; they seemed to have the surest commercial instinct, the greatest knowledge of their business, and the shrewdest sense of their wants, combined with an honesty of character that made their word as good as their bond. After I had discussed with him for some time his experiences in the Far East, he went on to say: "I have often thought that it was a fortunate thing for the Western world that China was a closed country, for I am not at all certain what the result would be if Chinese merchants, with their shrewdness, sense, and probity, and their hordes of cheap labor, should engage in a struggle for commercial supremacy with the nations of the Occident."

Yours truly, ROBERT MATHEWS.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., October 16, 1898.

NOSE-RHYMES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: To the horrible examples of rhymes that do not rhyme quoted by Prof. Matthews in his entertaining article in the *Bookman*, I should like to add the following from a collection of my own:

"Then who would go
Into dark Soho,
And chatter with dack'd-haired *critics*,
When he can stay
For the new-mown hay
And startle the dappled *prickets?*"
—Keats, In a Letter to Haydon.

"Or in a clear-wall'd city on the sea,
Near gilded organ-pipes, her *hair*
Wound with white roses, slept St. Cecily;
An angel look'd at *her*."
—Tennyson, *Palace of Art.*

"Many such as these I *saw*
In the streets of old *Jeypore*."
—Phillips Brooks, Letters to a Child.

In another passage Bishop Brooks rhymes *Jeypore* and *nor*. Are we to infer that he pronounced *Jeypore* as *Jeypaw*, or that he pronounced *saw* as *sor* (or *sore*)?

I hesitated for a term by which to characterize such rhymes as these. Certainly they are not eye-rhymes in the proper meaning of that term. Perhaps, taking a suggestion from a passage in Prof. Matthews's paper, they may be called nose-rhymes. At any rate, I beg to offer this term as an humble contribution to the terminology of poetics.

FRED NEWTON SCOTT.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN, October 10, 1898.

Notes.

Mr. William M. Meigs, No. 216 South Third Street, Philadelphia, desires it known that he is writing a Life of Senator Thomas H. Benton, and will be greatly obliged to any one who has letters of Benton for lending them so that they may be copied and returned, as also for any reminiscences in regard to him.

R. H. Russell's fall publications include a new volume of 'Sketches and Cartoons,' by Charles Dana Gibson; 'London Types,' by William Nicholson; Tennyson's 'Idylls of the King,' decorated by the Brothers Rhead; 'The Shadows of the Trees, and Other Poems,' by Robert Burns Wilson; 'The Queen's Garland,' a selection of Elizabethan verse by Fitz Roy Carrington; and 'Beyond the Border,' Scotch fairy tales told by Walter Douglas Campbell, with 167 illustrations by Helen Stratton.

The Brothers Rhead will illustrate and decorate for the Century Company 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' in two editions. Nearly ready from the same firm is the 'Life and Letters of Lewis Carroll.'

G. P. Putnam's Sons will shortly issue "Was Christ Born at Bethlehem?" by Prof. W. M. Ramsay.

'Christian Rationalism: Essays on Matters in Debate between Faith and Unbelief,' by the Rev. J. H. Rylance, is soon to be published by Thomas Whittaker.

Charles Scribner's Sons have taken over the publications of the Christian Literature Co. of Buffalo, and will proceed with the 'Lutheran Cyclopædia,' which is to be ready next spring, as well as with the series of translations of the Ante-Nicene Fathers. They announce further an edition of Fielding in twelve volumes, with the original Cruikshank plates, and 'The Bashful Earthquake, and Other Poems and Fables,' by Oliver Herford, who is his own illustrator.

'The Land of Contrasts: A Briton's View of his American Kin,' by James F. Muirhead, editor of Baedeker's 'Handbook of the United States,' is in the press of Lamson, Wolffe & Co., Boston.

Washington Irving clearly took the bread out of Dr. Coues's mouth when he worked over a trans-Missourian explorer's rude journal, 'The Adventures of Captain Bonneville, U. S. A.,' in the Rocky Mountains and the Far West.' This entertaining narrative has just been made the object of a "Pawnee Edition," in two volumes, by G. P. Putnam's Sons. The style is conformable to the annual holiday Irving to which the publishers have accustomed us, in elegant typography and rich binding, the letter-press confined in a blue border of diversified patterns. The illustrations are pertinent, and are drawn largely from curious contemporary sketches or prints. The photogravures from nature are so fine that one wishes the Wind River Mountains had been so presented instead of in a steel engraving of doubtful authority. A map of the author's route has been attached, showing its relation to present State and Territorial lines. All these merits needed to be capped by an index, but this is conspicuously missing.

Dr. W. J. Rolfe's "Cambridge Edition" of Tennyson's Poetic and Dramatic Works (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is equally in place in the private library and in the high school. Besides the care bestowed on the text, Dr. Rolfe gathers in his appendix the poet's first-fruits in 'Poems by Two Brothers,' discarded poems, of the output of 1830 and 1833 among others, minute records of Tennyson's revisions, and copious annotation and analysis such as many a teacher will prize. The usual indices are not neglected. Lord Tennyson's Life of his father has helped to give a sort of definitiveness to this edition. Noticeable among the omitted pieces here restored are the numerous sonnets, as to which Tennyson's own judgment was perfectly sound. He had no business in that galley.

Six years have elapsed since we reviewed the late J. A. Symonds's 'Life of Michelangelo,' whose merits met with instant acceptance, so that a second edition was called for within three months. The third, still in two volumes of open and handsome typography, is now before us (London: John C. Nimmo; New York: Scribners). The number of illustrations—fifty, besides the portrait frontispiece—remains, like the text, unchanged. These, though mainly photographic in origin, are less admirable than the letter-press. The enduring quality of this biography will perhaps in time justify a substitution in part at least, and even some additions.

Messrs. Scribner send us also 'Latter-Day Pamphlets' and the eighth volume of the Life of Frederick the Great in the Centenary Edition of Carlyle's Works, of whose beauty and cheapness we have repeatedly advised our readers; and four more volumes of the portly Gadshill Dickens, viz.: 'Sketches by Boz' (2), 'Hard Times' and other short stories, and 'American Notes, and Pictures in Italy.' Each volume has its introduction by Mr. Andrew Lang, and the Sketches are accompanied by Cruikshank's original designs, in sharp contrast with the etchings for 'American Notes' by a present-day artist. The 'Notes' yet remain to be indexed. From the same publishers we receive volumes six to eight, inclusive, of the 'Spectator' reprint, edited by G. Gregory Smith, and introduced by Mr. Austin Dobson, and clothed

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in an antiquarian garb which is successful and even taking in its way, but does not wholly commend itself to our sense either of the beautiful or the readable.

Two elegant little volumes for the pocket have been issued by the Century Co.—one, Dickens's 'The Cricket on the Hearth,' with a suggestive introduction by Joseph Jefferson, in which he contrasts the fitness of this Christmas story to be dramatized almost as it stands, with the general intractability of the same author's novels for the same purpose. The other gem of bookmaking is 'Poor Richard's Almanack,' edited selectively by Benjamin E. Smith, with a reduced but quite legible facsimile of the almanac for 1733, from the original in the possession of the Pennsylvania Historical Society.

The Century Co. has freshly reissued Mr. Frank Stockton's classic, 'The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine,' in a pretty form and binding, to whose decoration the ginger-jar is not wanting. Mr. Frederick Dorr Steele supplies some slight but effective pen-drawings, as restrained as the author's humor. The same house bestows a similar treatment on Virginia Woodward Cloud's 'Down Durley Lane, and Other Ballads,' of a merry cast, first published seven years ago. They are now adorned with clever and graceful illustrations in several tints by Reginald B. Birch.

Prof. James Albert Woodburn of Indiana University has had the good thought to extract from Lecky's 'History of England in the Eighteenth Century' the chapters and passages relating to America. This has been very well executed, under the caption, 'The American Revolution, 1763-1783' (Appletons). The historian's own notes Prof. Woodburn has supplemented, often correctively, but fairly, with his own, which sometimes assume the form of instructions to students, as, "Summarise the 'chief restrictions of the commercial code.'" It is, indeed, much to be wished that this little volume should find a place in the schools together with Goldwin Smith's short History of the United States. They will make for national candor without impairing international affinity.

Lord Farrer has collected the papers that he has written for the Gold-Standard Defence Association on certain problems of monetary science, and republishes them under the title 'Studies in Currency' (Macmillan Co.). Although the author did not attempt a systematic treatise, yet his familiarity with the conduct of business and with financial history has enabled him to give a substantially complete account of the real points at issue in the financial schools. These points are three in number. The most important one, practically, is whether or not Government should make anything a compulsory legal-tender. The second is whether an appreciating currency is a good thing or a bad thing. The third is whether, or how far, prices vary according to the quantity of money. It is evident that bimetallism is only a corollary to certain answers to these questions, or, in other words, that no one can be a bimetallist who has not, consciously or unconsciously, adopted these answers. As a contribution to our knowledge of the conditions of the problems, these papers have great value. Lord Farrer disclaims originality, but most readers will find that they have obtained new light on finance from his account of the modern extension of business beyond the limits of particular countries, and its effects on the principles and practice of exchange. There are many things in the book to which we should like to call attention, but it is enough to say that it justifies Lord Farrer's reputation for knowledge and good sense.

The 'Introduction aux Études Historiques' of MM. Langlois and Seignobos, which we reviewed at length on its appearance, has just been put into English form (Henry Holt & Co.). The translator, Mr. G. G. Berry, seems to succeed in the matter of accuracy, but at times is rather more literal than English idiom allows. A preface by Prof. York Powell and an index of proper names are points of advantage which the English version has over the French original. Intrinsically the work deserves a wide circulation.

From Lemcke & Buechner we have another thin volume in the series of Künstler-Monographien, viz., 'Hubert und Jan Van Eyck,' by Ludwig Kaemmerer. The illustrations in this case are enhanced in interest by comparison of copies with the originals, conspicuously the copy made at Philip II.'s command of the altar-piece at Ghent, by Michael Coxcie.

The same firm sends us "Meyer's Historisch-Geographischer Kalender" for 1899, its third year of publication. It maintains its general scheme of an illustration in the upper portion of each leaf of the pad, with the day's historic dates and appropriate almanac information below, and is well worth browsing in in advance of the daily need. While many of the cuts are old, many are new and timely, and we can cite views on the Yukon, with map of Alaska and the Klondike; the crater of Kilauea; the custom-house at Manila; scenes from the German possessions in East Africa, New Guinea, and Cameroon, with map of the new Chinese "sphere"; Khartum; the observatories of Mt. Blanc and Etna; the Emperor William's yacht *Metcor;* portraits of Bismarck and Zola.

With the October issue of the *Virginia Magazine of History and Biography* comes the announcement that Mr. Bruce severs his connection with it to devote himself to historical work. In his care the magazine has taken a high rank among periodicals of its kind, and its success and merit owe much to his sacrificing energy. It is certain, however, that Virginia will gain by his future labors, for he has shown a rare ability to interpret her colonial history. The magazine contains a remarkable letter from Richard Bland on Virginian affairs in 1771. It goes far to establish the reputation he enjoyed among his contemporaries. Adams thought him a "learned bookish man," and Washington and Jefferson both spoke highly of his knowledge of Virginian affairs in colonial days.

Bibliophiles have reason to be interested in the *Zeitschrift für Bücherfreunde*, which for more than a year has been issued by the house of Velhagén & Klasing. The editorial direction is in the hands of Fedor von Zobeltitz. The twelve parts completing the first year make a handsome double volume of 656 pages, richly illustrated. The object of the monthly is both scientific and popular, and in its scope practically covers all departments of bibliography, but chiefly from an historical point of view. It aims only to produce and reproduce what is scientifically trustworthy, yet ordinarily to select matter and materials of general interest. Both illustrations and letterpress are of high grade. Quite naturally the contents appeal more to German readers than to others, but they can be read with profit everywhere.

There is evidently a Turkish side to the Kaiser's trip to Palestine, and the organs of the Young or Reform Turkish party are perfectly willing to express their sentiments. A pronounced view of this kind we find in a leading literary organ of this party, the *Mechveret*, which distinguishes sharply between the perfectly legitimate wish on the Emperor's part to visit the Holy Land, and the motive that takes him to Constantinople. It asks Wilhelm II. how he can give the hand of fraternal greeting and the kiss of brotherly recognition to the man who is morally responsible for the massacre of thousands of innocent victims in Armenia, and wonders what the survivors of these people, the widows and orphans, will think of the visit of a Christian Emperor to the Turkish Sultan. Another objection urged is on the score of economy. The *Mechveret* declares that the last visit of the Kaiser to Constantinople cost the Turks more than £300,000, and the present journey will cost more than twice this sum. It appeals to the Emperor to remember that all the grandeur and glory displayed in his entertainment represents blood-money pressed from an enslaved and impoverished people. A third appeal is made to him in the name of freedom, representing Abdul Hamid as the typical representative of a system of political autocracy totally inconsistent with modern civilization and culture. The article closes with the opinion that Germany is at present playing the rôle of warm friendship for Turkey solely for selfish ends, and will, at the opportune moment, try to win Russia's favor by consenting to a partition of the inheritance of the Sick Man in the interest of Russian ambition.

The special feature of the October Bulletin of the Boston Public Library is a list of some four hundred works on trees and forestry, together with references to Government reports, and those of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, contained in the Library. It is based on a list published in 1878.

The Vatican authorities publish each year an annual, in which full and detailed information is given as to the status and progress of the hierarchy, probably the most perfect government machinery on the globe. This year-book, *La Gerarchia Cattolica*, has recently again made its appearance, and reports a present membership of 1,298 in the organization, whose growth is indicated by the fact that the present Pope has established no fewer than 218 new seats of various dignitaries. At the head of the hierarchy is Leo XIII., since March 3, 1878, the 263d occupant of the Holy See, according to the computation of the Church. His full title is given in the *Gerarchia* as "Vicar of Jesus Christ, Successor of the Prince of the Apostles, Head of the Universal Church, Patriarch of the Occident, Primate of Italy, Archbishop and Metropolitan of the Roman Church Province, Bishop of Rome, Sovereign of the Secular Possessions of the Holy Roman Church." The Sacred College of Cardinals has now an actual membership of 59, although the full quota is 70. The Italians have fully a majority of three-fifths. The hierarchial officers are divided into two classes, those of the Latin or Roman Rite, and those of the Oriental Rite; the latter embracing those archbishops, bishops, and other officials who are in charge of the old churches of the East that have, with certain reserved rights,

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in the course of time submitted to the Pope. Of the Latin Rite there are 174 archbishoprics and 720 bishoprics. Numerically and in influence Italy leads all the other Catholic countries, there being 50 Italian archbishops and 215 bishops.

—The library of Cornell University has lately issued the first part of a catalogue of the Dante Collection presented by Willard Fiske. This first part of ninety-one closely printed quarto pages is confined to the editions and translations of Dante's works in the Cornell Library, and describes, apparently, something over a thousand different volumes. The editions before 1800 number about seventy, and the translations described are in thirty-five different languages or dialects. Mr. Theodore W. Koch (an enthusiastic student of Dante, and author of an interesting and elaborate study of Dante in America which, with his bibliography of the same subject, was printed in one of the annual reports of the Dante Society), has given more than two years of constant labor to the preparation of this catalogue, for which his thoroughness and accuracy as a bibliographer admirably fit him. In its general arrangement and method it follows the model set by Mr. Lane's catalogue of the Harvard Dante collection, but it surpasses that in extent, in fulness of annotation, and in scope; for while the latter undertook to analyze periodicals and other composite publications devoted wholly to Dante, Mr. Koch goes further, and records the matter relating to Dante in all periodicals and in general literature, so far as found on the shelves of the Cornell Library. The notes are in part original, and in part drawn from the writings of recognized authorities, or from the text of the books catalogued. They relate to bibliographical details, illustrations and their history (especially in the sixteenth-century editions), portraits of Dante and their relations to one another, and particularly the textual value and peculiarities of the different editions. Part 2 will comprise material of all kinds, in books and periodicals, relating to Dante, and will be followed by Part 3, which is to be an index of subjects, and is to have an appendix on the iconography of Dante. Prof. Fiske, formerly the librarian of Cornell, had already destined to the Library his great collection of Petrarch literature, to which his Dante collection will form a worthy companion. Considering the short period during which he has been actively engaged in gathering it, the collection is surprisingly large and rich. Its catalogue forms the most complete and detailed modern bibliography of Dante, and will deserve a more extensive notice when complete. It is curious that the Italians themselves have produced no comprehensive and scholarly bibliography of Dante. Ferrazzi's Manual, it is true, brings together a great mass of references and extracts, but it is inaccurate and uneven. Colomb de Batines, Petzholdt, and Scartazzini are all foreigners, and America may be said to have contributed the best that has been done in the line of pure bibliography. The value of the American work has been warmly recognized by the Italians themselves, as witness their very complimentary expressions concerning the labors of the American Dante Society. Lane, on account of his Harvard catalogue, the first to be provided with a complete index to passages and subjects, has been a "nome caro agli studenti italiani," and it will be interesting to see what terms of enthusiastic admiration they will find for Mr. Koch.

—The fifth volume of the 'Life and Correspondence of Rufus King' (Putnams) brings a rich store of good material, most of which is new. It covers the years 1807-1816, a period when a sound Federalist could hardly accept with good grace the measures of the Administration. Jefferson was closing his second term with the Embargo, leaving to Madison a legacy in forming which the latter had played no mean part, and with which he was to carry on the curious development of Jefferson's republicanism. King's criticism of this policy is moderate, considering the strong feeling of opposition it created; but he was not in public life until he was chosen to be Senator in 1813. As a private citizen he held a high position as counsellor in foreign affairs, and his influence was great. He knew that the British ministry of his day had been willing to renew the treaty with the United States, and were about to sign one had he been left to complete the few undetermined points at issue. Such a treaty would have made the Embargo and the war improbable, and have saved the President from the blunder of being apparently so subservient to the commands of Napoleon. King's letters are full of able discussions of questions of international usage and of the course of events in Europe, under the ambitions of a military genius seeking to destroy commercial England.

—Domestic concerns are also keenly noted. Gallatin's finance was not much to King's liking, though this distrust was more due to a suspicion attaching to anything coming from Jefferson than to any inherent weakness in Gallatin's plans. In the management of the affairs of Columbia College and Trinity Church he took an active interest, and in State and city politics he was one of the leading managers for the Federalists. Of special interest is the interview of King and Morris with De Witt Clinton, at the time when Clinton believed he could secure a place on the Presidential ticket. The meeting was sufficient to confirm King in his distrust of Clinton, but the latter made much of the conference, for it soon came to be understood in Boston that King favored this political schemer. The report was accompanied by a story that Hamilton had declared on his death-bed that Clinton was the only man in the United States to put down Democracy. Party methods were not very scrupulous. When King on two occasions ran for office in the State, he was savagely attacked by Emmett, who charged him with influencing the British ministry against his release from prison as an Irish rebel—an incident not unlike the attack made on Mr. Lowell. Troup, in 1810, complained of the corrupting influence of the Mayor of New York because of his "enormous" salary and emoluments, amounting to $15,000 a year—a sum of moderate proportions for a city "boss" of to-day. The volume fitly closes with King's unsuccessful candidacy for the Governorship. A letter printed on p. 132 is repeated on p. 158, and Mason's initials are sometimes given as I. M. and sometimes J. M. The proper spelling of the Virginia locality on p. 536 is Conococheague. The editor still depends upon Hildreth, though Henry Adams's work would supply a much better account of Jefferson's tortuous foreign policy.

—Prof. C. M. Andrews has concluded his 'Historical Development of Modern Europe' (Putnam) by a second volume, which begins at 1850 and reaches so recent a date as 1897. About a year ago we sketched the general plan of this work, and no very new features present themselves in the part just published. The words in which Prof. Andrews restates his purpose form a connecting link between the two sections, and may be quoted to refresh the reader's memory: "On the ground that no event can be understood in isolation, and that history is something more than a series of events chronologically considered, I have endeavored to give logical form to my treatment of the subject, carrying each movement forward to its conclusion before turning to the others; and, that due proportions might be preserved, have introduced nothing that did not seem to me absolutely necessary to an understanding of the subject, giving no more attention to any incident, however picturesque or dramatic, than its importance for my purpose warranted." Following this topical treatment, he selects for his subjects the Second Empire; the Crimean War; the rise of Piedmont widening out into Italian unity; the rise of Prussia, and her struggles with Austria and France; the establishment of the dual monarchy; and the course of the Eastern Question from 1856 till last year. The book ends with five chapters devoted to recent events in Russia, Italy, Austria-Hungary, France, and Germany.

—Prof. Andrews has found his chief difficulty in steering a just course between great men and great movements. "In studying . . . the entire alteration of the European political system, we are confronted on one hand with the danger of exaggerating the importance of the persons concerned . . . ; on the other, with the equally great danger of minimizing the personal equation, laying too much stress on underlying and hidden forces, and looking on the great men of the era as dominated by influences beyond their control." In this predicament Prof. Andrews has singled out Cavour and Bismarck for protagonists, although he considers it a superficial view that the events of 1830, 1848, and 1870 "were merely accidental occurrences" and that actual constitution-building "would have been rendered impossible had other men directed the course of affairs." Another point which is accentuated in the preface relates to the author's treatment of military history. He makes it wholly subservient to politics, the campaigns themselves being rapidly dismissed in order that their results may fill a larger space. Footnotes and marginal headings are again excluded, but absence of the former furnishes cause for a longer bibliographical note than accompanied the first volume. As it now stands in completed form, Prof. Andrews's work seems a careful and skilful effort at coördination. The original sources for modern history are so immense that minute division of labor is required in developing them, and a treatise which sums up the best recent literature implies labor enough to merit genuine recognition.

—Palmerston, Tennyson, and Thackeray (to say nothing of the poet Thomson) are brilliant names in the section of the Dictionary of National Biography comprised in Volume 56 (Macmillan). Tennyson is dispatched in ten pages, by Canon Ainger; Thackeray in sixteen pages, by Leslie Stephen; but with

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obviously greater compression, in view of the relative amount of incident in the two lives. Yet nothing of significance is omitted, from the youthful breaking of the novelist's nose to his viewing Napoleon at St. Helena, witnessing his second funeral in 1840, and visiting Goethe at Weimar. We see him proposing to Dickens to illustrate the 'Pickwick Papers,' and at odds with Dickens over the Yates affair. At every stage the biographer's difficulties are made apparent by "it is said" —*e. g.*, as to the income left him by his father, variously stated at £20,000 to £500; or as to the weight of his brain. Departing occasionally (as was to be expected from his relation to his subject) from his customary strict adherence to narration, Mr. Stephen defends Thackeray against the charge of snobbery, and confidently predicts that he would have been a home-ruler. The sketch, with the bracketed authority relegated to footnotes or an appendix, would be welcomed if reprinted by itself, as in the case of Mr. Sidney Lee's Shakspere. Readers of (not for) the Oxford Dictionary must have noticed the frequent quotations from Gen. T. Perronet Thompson, a typical Englishman in his military service on several continents, his Parliamentary career, his proprietorship of the *Westminster Review*, and his voluminous unattached journalism. His vigorous style may even be studied in the columns of the *Liberator*, to which he was a frequent contributor on behalf of American abolition. His most eloquent countryman and fellow M. P., George Thompson, who brought upon the editor of the *Liberator* a vicarious mobbing in Boston in 1835, is also commemorated, a little inadequately, in this volume. Here, too, is our Yankee Count Rumford, a philanthropist if there ever was one. Among Continental foreigners who have established a claim to admission to this British Dictionary, the Orientalist Terrien de la Couperie takes a place in the line which ends for the present with Tollet.

—Apropos of Dr. Jesse Torrey, described in a recent issue of this journal as the first advocate of free public libraries, a distant subscriber writes: "Your correspondent has proved Dr. Torrey to be worthy of perpetual remembrance, but the Doctor is not shown to have realized his ideal in any single instance, while Franklin had established such a library before Torrey was born. Torrey preached; Franklin practised. In 1785 he wrote to his friend, Dr. Price, in London, asking him to buy as many books as £25 would purchase, as a present 'for the use of the inhabitants' of a Massachusetts town which had adopted the name of Franklin. This library, arriving in Massachusetts, with a letter of directions regarding its use, 'was opened to the whole town in 1788.' It was placed under the care of the Congregational minister, Dr. Emmons, who was ordered, by a vote in town meeting, 'to let out books according to Franklin's directions.' In Franklin's letter to Price, the only book he mentions as worthy of purchase was Stennett on Personal Religion. Among the titles in the catalogue printed in 1786 are Tacitus, five volumes; 'Life of Cromwell,' 'The [English] Rebellion,' 'The Spectator,' 'Pilgrim's Progress.' The only poem was Young's 'Night Thoughts.' Franklin had been asked for a bell, but he begged them 'to accept books instead, sense being preferable to sound.' This library still fulfils its gratuitous mission."

WEISSHEIMER, WAGNER, AND LISZT.

Erlebnisse mit Richard Wagner, Franz Liszt und vielen anderen Zeitgenossen. Von Wendelin Weissheimer. Stuttgart: Deutsche Verlagshandlung.

Who is Wendelin Weissheimer that his name should be proudly associated with two of the greatest musical heroes of all time? He is one of the operatic and concert conductors that Germany produces in such abundance—men who make themselves useful to the community without rising sufficiently above mediocrity as interpreters or composers (for all German Kapellmeisters compose) to make a name for themselves unless they are so lucky as to be associated with greater men as friends or assistants. He begins his reminiscences by relating how he became an admirer and disciple of Wagner. The extraordinary virulence with which nearly the whole press attacked Wagner for upsetting all the rules of art, made Weissheimer think, "What a great man he must be!" And when, in 1852, he heard a military band play the "Tannhäuser" march, his fate was sealed. His one object in life was to hear Wagner's operas; and after he had heard "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," and the "Flying Dutchman" at Darmstadt and Frankfort, he found himself in "a perfect Wagner delirium." He took lessons of Rietz—the successor of Mendelssohn as conductor of the Leipzig Gewandhaus concerts—and brought him one day a ballad of his own composition for baritone and orchestra. After examining it, Rietz exclaimed sternly: "You seem to be a follower of Wagner, and that is your ruin. Of all the young men I have been obliged to warn, you are the worst!" One day he ventured to play the "Lohengrin" prelude at the house of a lady who was a friend of Mendelssohn and professed to be an admirer of all good music. She listened somewhat suspiciously, and at the close asked him what he had been playing. The answer made her rise hastily, go into the adjoining room, and exclaim loudly to the guests, "This young man dares to desecrate my salon with Wagner's music!"

In 1857 Weissheimer had the good luck to hear Liszt conduct "Tannhäuser" at Leipzig; but the performance was far from being a victory—it passed off amid mingled applause and hisses, the latter often predominating. Some years later, after he had made the acquaintance of his idol, Wagner told him about Mendelssohn's attitude at the very first performance of that opera at Dresden. After the first act he came to Wagner on the stage with warm words of praise; after the second he came again, but had little to say; and after the third he—did not come at all. Particularly interesting, and largely new, are the details which Weissheimer gives of a certain famous concert at Leipzig. It was his concert, but it was to be chiefly for the benefit of Wagner, who was greatly in need of funds. Wagner had personally written to the Intendant of the Dresden Opera, begging him to allow his great tenor Schnorr von Carolsfeld to take part in this concert; but the request was curtly refused, to the great disappointment of Schnorr, who wrote a letter to Weissheimer giving unrestrained expression to his disgust with a state of affairs which placed "lieutenants, jurists, and novelists" at the head of opera-houses. The concert, however, had plenty of attractions otherwise. Hans von Bülow was to play a Liszt concerto, and Richard Wagner himself was not only to conduct his "Tannhäuser" overture, but to give the Leipzigers their first chance to hear the new prelude to the "Meistersinger." What is more, it was Wagner's first appearance in public in the city of his birth; and he was within a few months of his fiftieth birthday. What happened? The hall was nearly empty, and the receipts did not equal the expenses! The few hundred persons who appeared were not special friends of Wagner, for when he stepped up to the conductor's desk not a hand was raised to greet him with applause, though such greeting was customary. But he had his revenge; he raised his magic wand, and in twenty minutes transformed this group of amateurs, filled with chill and scorn, into a band of frenzied enthusiasts. The "Meistersinger" *Vorspiel* was enthusiastically redemanded, and after the "Tannhäuser" overture the whole audience rose to its feet—unheard-of thing in the staid Gewandhaus—and gave three rousing cheers for Wagner, in which the orchestra joined with a fanfare. Such is the power of genius, and this was the way in which a few Leipzig men and women atoned for the folly of the others in boycotting the greatest man their city ever gave birth to.

Though financially a failure, this concert, with its unexpected result, naturally made a sensation, and Wagner suddenly found himself famous as a concert conductor, for when he subsequently conducted excerpts from his new music dramas in Vienna, the hall was crowded and the enthusiasm as great as in Leipzig. The necessary rehearsals with large orchestra, however, swallowed up nearly all the receipts of the first two concerts, and only the third yielded a profit, to which the Empress added a thousand florins from her own purse. Similar concerts were now arranged in other cities, including St. Petersburg, where the Philharmonic Society guaranteed Wagner for one evening 8,000 silver rubles. Was he pleased with this turn of affairs? In a way he was, for he sorely needed the money to pay his creditors and to make it possible for him to continue composing. What he wanted was to write operas and conduct them, not to produce fragments in the concert-hall; but, under the circumstances, that was his only source of revenue, and, with pardonable bitterness, his very success made him dissatisfied, for, as he wrote to Weissheimer, "The world comprehends and pays only the virtuoso; at the head of an orchestra, with my few compositions, I appear as such, and in this capacity I must now provide for myself—and high time it is."

Weissheimer had accompanied Wagner to Vienna to assist in preparing "Tristan and Isolde" for performance, for which Wagner would have received a beggarly 2,000 florins after the first night. That night never came, for various reasons, and Weissheimer had his pains for nothing. He had found himself in the odd position of going over the score, sometimes on the same day, with two tenors, one of whom was not to know that the other was getting ready as an understudy. This was a sample of the services Weissheimer rendered to Wagner. At other times he copied for the press Wagner's sketches, which only an expert could decipher, or adapted scores for special occasions; in short, he was for a time, like Hans Richter and

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Anton Seidl, practically Wagner's secretary—and more too. Being so lucky as to have a wealthy father, he was consequently often in a position to help Wagner out at critical moments with small sums, or to secure the loan of larger ones. Unfortunately he did not always succeed in convincing others of Wagner's great future. Once he offered the "Meistersinger" to a wealthy uncle for 3,000 florins, but the uncle refused it. "Had he suspected," writes Weissheimer, "what he might have realized on that investment, this usually shrewd speculator would afterwards have turned in his grave." He finally secured a loan of a banker and brought it to Wagner, who was waiting for him at a café. "I knew *you* would not fail me," exclaimed the composer, and fell weeping on his neck. His rent was so far in arrear that his host had forbidden him to return to his apartments until the bill was settled. His publisher Schott had failed to help him in this emergency—had, in fact, refused to receive him. To another publisher he had offered a whole set of songs for $250, and the publisher did not jump at the chance.

Schnorr once wrote to Weissheimer that the saddest and at the same time the most ridiculous thing he had observed in all his life was, that a man with such inexhaustible creative power as Wagner was compelled to waste his time earning his daily bread and lowering his mind by devising schemes to satisfy his creditors. Wagner certainly did not receive the thousandth part of what he earned, in view of the future value of his works; yet it cannot be denied that his temporary embarrassments were often due to his own reckless prodigality. Weissheimer cites some amusing illustrations that came under his notice. Once Wagner gave a cab-driver a piece of gold, where silver would have sufficed, and refused to take change. Another time he treated his friends to champagne when his landlord in Vienna was on the point of turning him out of doors for his room and board bill and the cost of a sumptuous dinner he had given to the artists, and so on. Hans von Bülow, who helped Wagner in every way he could, and once even wanted to start a national subscription (which, however, both Wagner and Liszt disapproved of strongly), wrote to Weissheimer, in a moment of discouragement, "It seems incredible that the Frankfort opera director should not have given Wagner an honorarium befitting the occasion; incredible, too, what sums of money can be consumed in a fortnight"; and at another time he said: "It is a mystery to me how he [Wagner] always succeeds in getting what he needs at the proper moment, when he cannot get along without it. Perhaps he is even greater as a financial genius than as a poet and musician. How often have I admired him in the first-named capacity!" The reference to Frankfort calls attention to one of the ways in which Wagner squandered his money. His had conducted his "Lohengrin" for the first time, and the occasion was, of course, immensely profitable to the manager, who offered him a large compensation, but Wagner treated the thing as a "matter of honor," and refused to accept anything.

Weissheimer does not believe in not letting the left hand know what the right hand does. He tells the world in detail what he did for Wagner, obviously for the purpose of afterwards convicting him of ingratitude. As already intimated, Weissheimer, like most German Kapellmeisters, also composed. His heart was particularly set on an opera entitled "Körner," which he was anxious to have accepted for performance at Munich. He was convinced that a word to the King from Wagner's mouth would land him at his goal, but Wagner not only did not speak to the King, but stubbornly refused even to examine the score or to let its composer play it for him—the friend who had devoted years of his life to his service. Ingratitude this certainly was; but if this was a fault, it proceeded not from weakness, but from the strength of his character. Had he been willing to act against his principles (by writing tuneful and showy operas) he might have been the richest and most popular musician of his time, instead of suffering as he did. Should he do for another what he had suffered so much for not doing for himself? He might have waived the point that his friend wrote what was his pet aversion—Wagnerian *Kapellmeistermusik*. What he objected to was the libretto. It was written by a woman who had no talent for such an undertaking, and he found it so weak that he refused to hear the music until the text had been altered. He kindly made suggestions—advised Weissheimer to submit the libretto to Paul Heyse for revision, knowing that it would prove a failure in its original form; but Weissheimer refused to listen to him, and then proceeded to accuse Wagner of rank ingratitude. Frau Cosima wrote him long and apologetic, almost tearful, letters, explaining why Wagner was so indignant at the text. Wagner himself explained to him that he could do nothing in the matter; that it was not so easy as he supposed to persuade the King; that Perfall was in the way, and various intrigues (he had, in fact, trouble enough in getting his own operas mounted, notwithstanding the King's attitude). But Weissheimer refused to listen, and, to spite him, went, so far as to make up his mind to leave Munich before the first "Meistersinger" performance. That it was his artistic conscience, and not "ingratitude," that made Wagner hesitate to persuade the King to mount an opera which he knew would be a failure, is shown by the fact recorded on page 264, but afterwards forgotten, that before Wagner knew anything about this work he persuaded the manager of the Leipzig Opera, in "an eloquent appeal," to accept it. There were two other things which Weissheimer forgot: (1) that Wagner, in one of his literary essays, explained once for all, with reference to Meyerbeer, why he could not allow "gratitude" to influence his artistic convictions, and (2) that in 1868 he (Weissheimer) had a glimpse of the truth that thirty years afterward, when Wagner should have loomed up as a giant, all the world would envy him for having been one of his friends, even if Wagner was "ungrateful." Thirty years, exactly, have passed, and Weissheimer has, with his reminiscences, done more to hand his name down to posterity than he could have done with a hundred operas, such as he wrote. Posterity, it may be added, would have esteemed him more highly if he had not, at the end, allowed his vanity to eclipse his devotion.

By far the most interesting and valuable pages of Weissheimer's book are those which relate how Wagner was situated, and what happened, when King Ludwig sent an adjutant to bring him to Munich. It is the most romantic episode in Wagner's romantic life, and it has never before been told correctly, with all the details. The money which Wagner had made in Russia by his concerts was recklessly spent in Vienna, and debts incurred in the knowledge that similar sums had been promised him for the next summer. But that promise was withdrawn, and, to escape imprisonment for his debts, he had to leave Vienna suddenly. After spending some time in Switzerland, he went to Stuttgart, whence Weissheimer received a telegram dated April 29, 1864, asking him to come and see him. Entering Wagner's room at the hotel, he was received with the words, "The end has come. I must disappear from the world. Cannot you save me?" As soon as Weissheimer understood the situation, Wagner asked him, with tears in his eyes, "Will you disappear with me?" and the friend, seeing him thus utterly deserted and without resources, agreed to go with him to some place where they could spend several months in absolute seclusion, completing the "Meistersinger" score. The departure was arranged for May 3, and the conveyance had already been ordered to take them to a spot in the Rauhe Alb next morning, when, late in the afternoon, a waiter brought in a card reading, "V. Pfistenmeister, Secrétaire aulique de S. M. le roi de Bavière." Wagner hesitated to admit him until he received the assurance from the visitor that he had come on a special and very urgent mission. Weissheimer left the room during the interview, and when he returned Wagner showed him a diamond ring and the King's portrait, which the Baron had brought him, and fell on his friend's neck, sobbing loudly. "That this should have happened to *me*, and just *now*," he exclaimed a dozen times during the evening, while recounting what the King had promised to do for him. Baron Pfistenmeister had had great trouble in tracking Wagner to Stuttgart, and had he arrived there a day later, months would have elapsed before he could have found him, as no one in Stuttgart or elsewhere would have known the hiding-place. A characteristic incident happened at the station. The Baron had neglected to buy a ticket for Wagner, who had not a cent of money, but, luckily, the faithful Weissheimer was there; he ran to buy one, and just had time to throw it in at the window as the train moved off. The bill at the hotel Wagner had paid by giving the head-waiter a Russian jewelled snuff-box worth several times the sum due. The waiter bowed very low.

Of Liszt and the other contemporaries referred to in these Reminiscences, Weissheimer has very much less to relate than of Wagner. There are some interesting pages about Tausig, Bülow, Cornelius, and Lassalle, while to the halo around Liszt's character new rays are added. The one dark spot in his artistic conscience has appeared to some to be that he was willing to write operatic fantasias to tickle the ears of the groundlings. This puzzled Weissheimer, too, till he heard Liszt exclaim, one evening, at a sumptuous dinner: "Ah, if I had done nothing but write 'Faust' and 'Dante' symphonies, I should not be able now to treat my friends to trout and iced champagne." The author relates how, at Weimar, during the long rehearsals for "Lohengrin," Liszt used to keep the artists in good humor by having lunches ready for them. He also made a special contract that "Lohengrin" should be performed at least three times, no matter what happened; and a wise provision it was,

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for at the second performance the greater part of the audience ran away from this abstruse and unmelodious music! There are interesting glimpses of Liszt as teacher, pianist, and conductor, for which the reader must be referred to Weissheimer's pages, which will, doubtless, be translated into English ere long.

RECENT FICTION.

Comedies and Errors. By Henry Harland. John Lane.

Life is Life, and Other Tales and Episodes. By Zack. Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Story of a Play. By W. D. Howells. Harper & Brothers.

In the Sargasso Sea. By Thomas A. Janvier. Harper & Brothers.

The Forest Lovers. By Maurice Hewlett. The Macmillan Co.

Whoever may have set the standard of art for the short-story author—critic or reader—he managed to impose it on the others, and to secure a substantial agreement that a good short story must exhibit ability to see an incident or character whole and alone, detached from past, future, and complicating circumstances, and that the author must have enough strength of mind steadily to resist the allurements of the superfluous. Writers obliged to try first for adequacy in brevity have sacrificed many things not inherently vicious; and the suffering of the tale-teller as he suppresses fine fancies (clearly irrelevant) and sparkling phrases (unfortunately purely decorative), may well be reckoned in the sum of the world's pain. Mr. Harland's 'Comedies and Errors' raises the question whether all this sacrifice is inevitable, and whether the accepted standard is not responsible for a form of literary art often a little barren, a trifle dry, capable of illustration in a thing that is not literature at all. He has found a way whereby the form may be stretched to embrace things beautiful and effective which do not appear extraneous, without losing any of its distinctive attributes. It is only one way, and that might easily become monotonous, but it opens the door and lets in hope of other ways. His way is to tell about something that happened years ago, something in which the narrator was deeply interested—to speak it plainly, a love affair, a consuming passion for a beautiful Countess Bracca, older and wiser than he, for P'tit Bleu, highly prized in the Latin Quarter; for a sort of cousin, Rosalys, sitting lovely, waiting for love, in a Roman garden; for a Neapolitan Zabetta, met and loved and lost in a single day. By this method he indicates the boy before the episode, the man long after, insinuates a life's history into the events of an hour of life. Thus the incident takes an importance, a permanence, a speculative interest vastly greater than the system of rigid isolation can achieve. Pure narrative, the safest thing for a short story, Mr. Harland uses sparingly, and lets himself go with the dangerous quantities, talk and description—description of cities, streets, palaces, gardens, even single rooms and gowns. The talk is really the chief agent of action, a structural utility part, easily overlooked in the first enjoyment of its brilliancy, suggestiveness, and apparent innocence of any serious intention. The description has many remarkable qualities—spontaneity, vivacity, volubility; but the most remarkable has no name: it is something which assures you that this torrent of word-painting is essential to the story; that in any other place, with any other surrounding, the people would not have existed, the thing could not have happened as it did. So what Mr. Harland has done definitely for the art of the short story is to enlarge its scope, to give it fulness and richness, to link the incident with the rest of life, and to convert what has been feared as embarrassing decoration into essential substance.

On this point there can hardly be conflicting opinion, but many other points invite discussion. Not any tale or sketch can be labelled either realistic or romantic or fantastic; the skill is in the blend and in a charm potent enough to cheat reflection. There is no pretence of recording observation or transcribing real life, for Mr. Harland cannot be supposed to be on free-and-easy terms with kings and queens any more than with angels and archangels. But he needed people remote enough from common life to give his fancy latitude, and free enough from sordid care to live lightly and gracefully, to love and suffer, then laugh and forget. So he uses the great aristocracies of Europe unscrupulously, and it is safe to predict that no one will sue him for slander. Of life at large he has undoubtedly seen enough to serve, and his observation and reflection, transfused by imagination, produce that literature which can never be true to fact, yet is by no means destitute of truth. His most serious object is to give harmless pleasure, and he is so unmoral that only good taste saves him from being immoral. Once, in "Flower o' the Clove," taste fails as a substitute for conscience, and he uses a situation which, for the sake of both morals and art, had better never be mentioned.

In an article on this volume Mr. Henry James observes that Mr. Harland's nationality (American) is discoverable only through his being so European. This is a refinement of observation. Mr. Harland's kind of wit is an American kind, and his mastery of the light elliptical phrase is also probably American, for we know only one other writer who excels him, an American—Mr. Henry James himself. Mr. Harland is a disciple of Mr. James, but independent and with certain natural differences. He has almost greater skill than Mr. James in insinuation and suggestion, much less in analysis and expression of mental subtleties. The younger writer's emotions are decidedly the more turbulent, and his English may be as good when it becomes less French. The literally translated idiom is effective in "P'tit Bleu," but affected in "Merely Players," a perfect tale, perfectly delightful and perfectly artificial.

There is no hard-and-fast definition of the meaning of life, for the lessons of experience are always subject to the interpretation of temperament. Mr. Harland's temperament is gay enough to wrestle with the most painful experience, and to declare that, after all, life is good, pain transient, and pleasure of one sort or another always waiting for recognition. The temperament of Zack (a feminine temperament) flatly contradicts, absolutely denies, such a reading of the lesson. It extracts pain from everything, and declares that the sob of breaking hearts is the dominant note of human existence. The volume entitled 'Life is Life' includes twelve tales and episodes, and is perfectly fitted to extinguish hope. Few of us escape the acquaintance of a person, generally an elderly woman who has had a hard time, who sits perpetually and intimately with sorrow, casting her dark mantle over all who approach. Zack is that sort of person in print. She appears to have seen a good deal of life, in Australia, among dialect-talking English rustics, and to have tarried casually in Germany and Italy. Nowhere, apparently, has she known love to escape the doom of sacrifice, scorn, or ingratitude, never heard a laugh that did not end in a cry. Virtue she has seen and admired, but virtue is always its own and only reward. None of the wicked who have crossed her path ever cheerfully flourish as the green bay-tree. The presentation of Zack's experience is direct and unmitigated by flowers of fancy or speech. It is a very good example of the grimmest sort of realism. There is no reason why one who sees and feels life in such a depressing way should not write about it; and with a conviction that happiness is non-existent, there is naturally no scruple about adding a trifle to the sum of misery. Life is life, and to live long, according to authority preceding Zack, is a thing to be desired, even striven for. But if her view should ever become popular, then indeed death would lose its sting and the grave its victory.

Now that reading-plays are struggling into fashion, it is a pity that Mr. Howells did not include the play itself in his 'Story of a Play.' It might not have been a good acting-play, but surely a good reading-play, and the story is not a good reading-story. There is not enough story to last, and one wearies of the weary playwright, of his frequent and similar disappointments, of the vain, vacillating, fundamentally honest actor; wearies most of all of the playwright's meddling, stupid, jealous wife. The book is almost entirely perfunctory, and the best one can say of it is that all writers of great plays will find therein many powerful arguments against any attempt to have their masterpieces produced.

Mr. Janvier's 'In the Sargasso Sea' has the same defect. The hero flounders about in the weeds and mists of the mysterious sea far too long. It is exciting to read once about a man losing himself in circular wanderings over the serried wrecks of centuries, to know that he is horribly hungry and thirsty, and to expect that at any moment he may come upon men long dead, or treasure the splendor of which shall mock at misery in the Sargasso Sea. But a repetition of these circumstances does not agitate; it only bores—and Mr. Janvier repeats. His subject has a poetical aspect which he has not made the most of; a thing to be regretted, yet not excused, since space and time were so abundantly his. His manner of narration has at times a sedateness, a suggestion of quaintness and of by-gone fashion, for which the one descriptive word is Stevensonian. Mr. Stevenson invented it for the use of his eighteenth-century heroes, and it gave just the right sense of distance. Why Mr. Janvier should attach it to a modern, mechanical youth, just out of the Stevens Institute, is a mystery quite as intriguing as the traditional mystery of the Sargasso Sea.

To those who know neither Malory nor Morris, 'The Forest Lovers' may be full of enchantment. The author is undoubtedly very familiar with both and with much of the old romance literature besides—so familiar

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that his performance is more an exhibition of memory and industry than of native gift for the writing of romance. Prosper le Gai is touched with an ironical humor, entirely modern, which suggests that Mr. Hewlett might show rarer qualities if he should draw his material from life instead of from books.

An American Cruiser in the East. By Chief Engineer John D. Ford, United States Navy, Fleet Engineer of the Pacific Station. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1898.

This compact volume proves to be an excellent book of travels in the countries of the extreme Orient—certainly, so far as the seacoast, treaty ports, and neighboring country are concerned. The area covered is extensive, including within the limits of the three years' cruise parts of British Columbia, the Aleutian Islands, Bering Sea, Eastern Siberia, Japan, Korea, China, Formosa, Hong Kong, Macao, and the Philippines. The routes followed are not, as a rule, unbeaten tracks, but there is a freshness in the relation and a closeness of study and observation which make the narrative interesting, and superior to the superficial tales of the ordinary globe-trotter or man-of-war cruiser. What we have, nevertheless, is mainly a book of travels, and not an exhaustive study of the still novel nations of the East.

Leaving the navy-yard, at Mare Island, not far from San Francisco, Cal., in the *Alert*, a small cruiser of about a thousand tons' displacement, the first port visited on the way to Bering Sea was the pleasant little city of Victoria, the capital of British Columbia. Some time in the future, when the Pacific Coast of the United States produces a wealthy leisure class content with their own shores and surroundings, Vancouver Island in British Columbia and the San Juan Islands in our own territory, with their adjacent waters, are destined to be the resort of intelligent pleasure-seekers and lovers of nature. The archipelago is especially attractive to the eye, and in many of its characteristics resembles the islands fringing the coast of Maine, now so much frequented in the summer season. Taken in connection with the inland passages of the western coast of British America and southeastern Alaska and the sounds and glaciers beyond Sitka and Juneau, we know of no better cruising-ground for a comfortable steam-yacht of good power and accommodation in the summer. Although Victoria is somewhat touched just now with the Klondike excitement, it still presents an agreeable contrast, with its air of repose and refreshing quiet, to the crude and hustling American towns on Puget Sound.

The *Alert* was bound for the Aleutian Islands and Bering Sea, on cruising duty for the protection of the seal fisheries, and so in due time reached Unalaska Island and the harbor of Iliuliuk. A good description is given of this our northernmost coaling station and its resources for hunting and amusement. It is now the station for the rival commercial companies of Alaska, as well as the principal seat of the valuable but fast dying out sea-otter trade on this continent. In days gone by, there were few places in the world where a more varied collection of valuable furs could be found than in the storehouse of the Alaska Commercial Company at this place, under the charge of the "Prince Paul" of the narrative. Less Russian than it was before the days of the Klondike and the rival company, it is still, we believe, one of the few places within our territory where the celebration of the name-day of the Czar of Russia outranks that of the Fourth of July.

After a description of the Pribyloff Islands and their seals and seal rookeries, the author continues the narrative of his cruise by telling of Kamtchatka and its principal coast settlement at Petropavlovsk. Here he certainly was beyond the beaten tracks, and he gives in a few pages an interesting account of the place and its history. Over two hundred years old, it has a well-deserved reputation as the rendezvous and starting-point of Bering, the famous navigator, and also from its spirited and successful defence against an allied French and English naval attack in what is generally termed the Crimean war. Leaving the Siberian coast, the *Alert*, after experiencing the end of a typhoon which proved her seaworthiness and staunchness of build, arrived at Yokohama, and this introduces us to the sights and curiosities of a country which has not inaptly been termed the child of the old age of the nineteenth century. That this cruise was made some years since is evident to a recent traveller by the pleasant reference to the jinrikisha men of Yokohama. They have, since the author's visit, lost much of their cheery ways and willing manner towards foreigners, and are no longer distinguished by an honest reluctance to overcharge. The descriptions of Japanese life are good, and the accompanying photographic illustrations, though small, are exceptional in number and quality. Unfortunately, in this part of the book, as well as elsewhere, many proper names are misspelled and a few other mistakes crop out. For instance, the railway from Kumamoto in Kyushu does not reach Mogi, near Nagasaki, but Moji, many miles away on the Strait of Shimonoseki. The feast of lanterns at Nagasaki also occurs at an earlier date than October.

The visit to the Korean coast proved to be of interest, and the manners and customs of the people of that strange and lately opened country are described with a fair degree of accuracy; but Mrs. Bird Bishop has lately treated the same subject so fully and so well that one is tempted to pass over Mr. Ford's chapter hurriedly. In China the author had favorable opportunities for seeing some portions of the country in an agreeable way, though apparently he was not able to enjoy the beauties of the river scenery of the Min or the unique and interesting water life of the Yang-tze-kiang and the Grand Canal of China. A visit to the shop of the number one lacquer man of Foo-Chow would probably have caused him to make exceptions in his general statement of the inferiority of Chinese to Japanese lacquer ware. In speaking of Hong-Kong, an account is given of the monument erected by the officers and crews of the U. S. S. *Powhatan* and H. B. M. S. *Rattler* in memory of their shipmates, nine in number, who fell in the combined attack made upon piratical junks off Kuhlan in 1855. Mr. Ford mentions the fact, and reminds us that the monument commemorates one of the very few times in which British and Americans shared the dangers and glory of a conflict against a common enemy. "From that day to this," he goes on to say, "no military procession has ever passed the spot without halting, while the band plays 'Star-Spangled Banner,' 'God Save the Queen,' and a solemn dirge in memory of the brave fellows who sleep there."

The last two chapters are devoted to the timely subjects of Manila and the Philippines. A brief account of the Chino-Japanese war will be found in the appendix.

Logic, Deductive and Inductive. By Carveth Read. London: Grant Richards. 1898. 8vo, pp. 323.

It was so many years since we had had the pleasure of reviewing a logical work by Mr. Carveth Read that we hoped, in opening this volume, to find that the long silence had ripened a rich fruit; and in point of fact experience has made of the author a wary defender of his doctrine. It is refreshing to meet with a logician of to-day who does not think he does a fine thing in putting logic upon a philosophical basis. The special sciences only occasionally have any need of considering the theory of reasoning, but philosophy can be successfully erected on no other foundation. Now if philosophy be founded upon logic, and logic in its turn upon philosophy, neither has any foundation at all. Besides, putting logic upon a philosophical basis always involves confusing the logical question of whether certain premises can be true, and can have presented themselves as they have done without the invariable (or almost invariable) truth of a certain conclusion, with the psychological question of whether the passage from premises to conclusion is gratifying to the logical sense. Mr. Read does not fall into this common confusion. The questions he discusses are genuine logical questions and are considered in their proper logical aspect.

The first sentence of his book reads, "Logic is the science that explains what conditions must be fulfilled in order that a proposition may be proved, if it admits of proof." This is a little narrow. There is no reason why the logician should be restricted to looking back from a foregone conclusion to possible premises, and never be permitted to look forward from premises in his possession to their necessary result. Besides, all logicians, including Mr. Read himself, make their science embrace the doctrines of definition and division, which cannot by any means be included under his definition. But Mr. Read at once proceeds to narrow this definition still further by excluding from the consideration of the logician all mathematical reasonings. He seems to think that these are coextensive with reasonings about quantity; as to which any modern mathematician could have set him right. Mathematical reasonings differ from other deductive reasonings only in their greater intricacy. The reason Mr. Read gives for this exclusion is that mathematics takes care of its own reasonings. It is very true that in mathematical reasoning there is no occasion to appeal to the theory of reasoning; but that is no evidence that the student of the theory of reasoning will not find any advantage in studying mathematical reasonings. Both good sense and experience show that if, of two closely connected branches of science, the one has no need of appealing to the other, then the latter will be very apt to gain greatly by basing its principles largely upon the former. The intricacy of mathematical reasonings acts as a sort of microscope in bringing into plain view features of all deductive reasoning which without such aid could not be discerned. But the truth is,

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that Mr. Read is not altogether free from that common vice of the ordinary text-book-writer of regarding as the most important aspect of his subject the fact that he has to teach it. When a man knows so little of mathematics as to lay down as one of the propositions that are past all denial that "all spaces are commensurable" (p. 142), although Euclid proves that the diagonal of a square is incommensurable with its side, it is plainly not convenient for him to say much about mathematical reasonings.

In induction Mr. Read stands upon the unmodified position of Mill. It is interesting to see how an experienced logician will defend this doctrine in 1898. The task before him is simply to answer two plain objections. Whewell's 'History of the Inductive Sciences' appeared in 1837. Its purpose was to show that success in inductive researches depends upon the student's coming to his subject provided in advance with appropriate ideas—a view to which the history of science since 1837 (particularly Darwinian ideas and those of physiological psychology) has brought much additional support. But John Mill saw in this doctrine an attack upon the associationalism in which his mind lived and moved and had its being. In truth, it was in conflict, not with the original associationalism of Gay, but with the *tabula-rasa* doctrine which, to a disciple of James Mill, seemed the lynch-pin of associationalism. And Whewell's pure metal was pretty thickly overlaid with slag, too. Whewell's doctrine was that appropriate ideas rendered inductive researches *successful*, not that they made induction a *valid* logical operation. But Mill did not very sharply distinguish between these two things. He wrote his 'System of Logic,' which appeared in 1842, largely to refute Whewell's philosophy by showing that it is not the appropriateness of our preconceived ideas, but the uniformity of nature *per se*, which gives induction its strength. It is necessary to bear in mind these circumstances in order to understand the true meaning of Mill's "uniformity of nature.",

The first objection that Mr. Read ought to have noticed was that when Mill pronounced nature to be uniform, he meant in the general run of its characters; looking upon "characters" as all logicians since the Port-Royalists had looked upon them, as if they were so many self-subsistent things, of which the logician was equally bound to take account whether they appear to us important or insignificant, manifest or recondite, related to our powers of sense and thought or not. For if he only meant that nature is uniform in regard to such characters as we should be apt to attend to, his doctrine would simply relapse into that of Whewell, that our ideas are naturally appropriate to making inductive discoveries. If, however, the almost absurd idea of giving all characters equal weight is adhered to, it is susceptible of mathematical demonstration that any one universe has necessarily the same degree of uniformity as any other, since any collection of objects whatever has some character common and peculiar to it.

The second objection which Mr. Read had to answer was, that studies in the theory of probabilities made subsequently to Mill's writing have shown that, in any case, no peculiarity of this universe can be the sole support of the validity of induction, since in any universe whatever in which inductions could be made, induction would in the long run lead toward the truth. Mr. Read, however, overlooks both of these points, and bases his defence of Mill's doctrine mainly upon the proposition that "The Uniformity of Nature cannot be defined" (p. 141). This is indeed extremely prudent, but it places the modern Millian in the unrationalistic attitude of upholding a sort of Athanasian creed which he devoutly believes without being at all able to explain what it is that he believes, since he has learned that the moment he attempts to do so he falls into one difficulty or into another. Mr. Read would defend what is often called "Mill's account of causation," although it does not differ essentially from that of Kant, by the aid of the conservation of energy. Now there are countless facts which it seems hopeless ever to explain without supposing that Kantian causation is at least one of the factors of the universe. But phenomena governed by conservative forces are precisely those which are so utterly refractory to every attempt to bring them under any such formula, that they constitute a most serious argument against it.

The Eastern Question in the Eighteenth Century. By Albert Sorel. Translated by F. C. Bramwell. With a preface by C. R. L. Fletcher. London: Methuen & Co. 1898.

Twenty years ago M. Albert Sorel published a short work on the first partition of Poland and the treaty of Kainardji, which Mr. F. C. Bramwell now translates into smooth and suitable English. The author's announcement that he has put later editions in line with present knowledge is necessary, because since 1878 the second part of the Duc de Broglie's 'Le Secret du Roi,' and other notable studies, have appeared. Fortunately, Mr. Bramwell cannot be charged with interpreting an essay which is partially out of date. The text he has used is equivalent to a fresh statement of facts.

M. Sorel, when he made this investigation, was probably preparing for his 'L'Europe et la Révolution Française.' It was indispensable that he should know the exact character of *ancien-régime* statecraft before tracing the negotiations of the National Convention, the Directory, and the Empire; and, if it is not scandalous to surmise that a scientific historian may still have patriotic leanings, there could be little danger in placing the diplomacy of Revolutionary and Imperial France beside that of Russia, Prussia, and Austria a few years earlier. Indeed, he avows that he thought it "not unprofitable to define clearly what were, on the eve of the French Revolution, the political usages of the three Courts which took so considerable a part in the so-called crusade in which the monarchies engaged against that revolution." The fallacy which he sought to expose was, of course, the belief that the French movement was responsible for superseding a state of international comity, or at least decency. "It has been much maintained abroad, and even in France, that the French Revolution and Napoleon I. upset the law of nations of the *ancien régime*, and substituted for a kind of golden age of diplomacy, where right ruled without a rival, an age of iron, in which might prevailed against all rights."

Mr. Fletcher, in the course of his brief introduction, states that a separatist newspaper in Vienna has recently exclaimed, "The cry of Poland will continue to go up till it blends with the last Hosanna"; but we shall devote the few lines at our disposal rather to M. Sorel's chapter on Kainardji. One of the main reasons which operated to secure the legislative union of England and Scotland was a growing enmity. If the countries had not been knit together, they would soon have been at war. Similarly the partition of Poland was a makeshift contrivance to prevent war by a concerted scheme of pillage. But in this case an alliance born of suspicion could not preclude treachery, and, just prior to Russia's first great diplomatic victory over the Porte, Prussia and Austria were full of intrigues for profiting by her dilemma; this, too, after the general terms of the Polish partition had been agreed upon. Frederick the Great feared that Catharine might involve Prussia in unpleasant complications by calling on her to join in attacking Gustavus III. of Sweden. He, therefore, did what he could to keep Turkish hostility alive, that the Czarina might be occupied to the south of the Danube. On the Austrian side, while Maria Theresa wept at the iniquity of despoiling the Poles, she was fain, or Kaunitz for her, to seize a larger share of the plunder than had been stipulated for. In the year of Kainardji the Viennese Foreign Office was engaged in attempts to escape from a compact signed with the Turks hardly more than two years previously, to extort the line of the Sbrucz from Russian necessity, and to appropriate Bukowina from the spoils of Turkey. Catharine's dilemma, which gave Prussia and Austria a temporary diplomatic advantage, was the revolt of the Don Cossacks under Pugatchef, and several defeats of Rumanzoff's army by the Turks. During the autumn of 1773 she was almost on the defensive. Mustapha's death in January, 1774, and the violently impotent policy of his successor, Abdul Hamid, restored her prestige. A month's campaign at the beginning of summer disclosed the depth of Turkish incompetence, and resulted in that treaty which recognized a Russian protectorate over the Christian subjects of the Sultan.

M. Sorel trains a fire of sarcasm on "the basis of the obligations from which Russian publicists have deduced Russia's *judicial right* to carry out her *civilizing mission* in the East, and *to interfere in the internal affairs of the Ottoman Empire.*" What actually happened at Kainardji was that Russia's diplomatists managed to introduce a number of advantageously loose clauses into the treaty, which might be and have been easily transferred from the province of religious rights to that of political guarantees. She also became protectress of the Danubian principalities, the champion of Tartar independence, and the prospective mistress of the Black Sea by her hold on Azof, Kinburn, Kertch, and Yeni-Kalé. Compared with her permanent gains, Austria's pickings and stealings at the time seem almost ridiculous.

M. Sorel founds his diplomatic studies on state documents and the correspondence of ambassadors. Whoever is affected by the fate of Poland, or cares to follow the undoubted sequence of Russia's Eastern policy, should possess himself of this monograph, either in its French form or in Mr. Bramwell's translation.

The Isles and Shrines of Greece. By Samuel J. Barrows. Illustrated. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1898.

Though not a professional archæologist, the

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author of this work approached his task with much of the archæologist's equipment, having brought to it a keen and appreciative love of Greek literature, as well as an enthusiastic reverence for Greece and the scenes once hallowed by the presence of godlike men and gods now lost to the average vision. In other words, the book is the work of a dilettante whose enthusiasm is enlightened, while his knowledge of archæology is far in advance of that of the ordinary layman.

The title is accurate, when rightly understood, for it can be made to embrace pretty much everything of interest to the visitor to Greece, whether he tread the ground "for the sake of ages," or merely to while away a season in a remote corner of the world. Mr. Barrows begins his story at Corfu, passing thence by Cephalonia, Zante, Ithaca, and Patras to Athens. The rest of the book may be regarded as reflecting Dörpfeld's views and theories in regard to architectural, topographical, and anascaphical matters. It cannot tell the archæologist much or anything, but to the tourist of ordinary knowledge, intelligence, and inquisitiveness it will impart, in a bright, sketchy fashion, all he needs to know concerning the results of archæological research in Greece during recent decades.

In other matters the traveller will find the book an excellent guide, for Mr. Barrows has an eye open to the things of to-day in Greece; he is interested to see "the work of building the new nation on the ruins of the old." This note, indeed, recurs throughout the volume. Mr. Barrows is a member of Congress (from Massachusetts), though he gives no hint of that fact in these charming pages.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Adams, W. M. The Book of the Master. London: Murray; New York: Putnams. $1.25.
Alden, Mrs. G. R. As in a Mirror. Boston: Lothrop Publishing Co. $1.50.
Ashmore, Ruth. The Business Girl. Doubleday & McClure Co. 50c.
Book-Prices Current. 1898. London: Elliot Stock.
Brooks, E. S. The True Story of Benjamin Franklin. Boston: Lothrop Publishing Co. $1.50.
Brush, G. J. Manual of Determinative Mineralogy, and Blowpipe Analysis. 15th ed. John Wiley & Sons. $4.
Buy, Jean du. The Teaching of Jesus. Boston: James H. West. 50c.
Carpenter, Prof. G. R. American Prose. Selections. Macmillan. $1.
Carpenter, F. G. North America. [Geographical Reader.] American Book Co.
Conant, Chara B. Naomi. American Tract Society. $1.
Cowper, Frank. The Island of the English. A Story of Napoleon's Days. Macmillan. $1.50.
Dana, Prof. E. S. A Text-Book of Mineralogy. New ed., rewritten and enlarged. John Wiley & Son. $4.
Dow, J. G. Selections from Burns. [Athenæum Press Series.] Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.20.
Dowd, F. B. The Double Man. An Oculist's Life Story. Denver: Temple Publishing Co. 50c.
Ellis, E. S. Cowmen and Rustlers. Philadelphia: H. T. Coates & Co.
Etiquette for Americans. By a Woman of Fashion. Chicago: H. S. Stone & Co.
Farrar, Rev. F. W. Great Books. T. Y. Crowell & Co. $1.25.
Frederic, Harold. The Deserter, and Other Stories. Boston: Lothrop Publishing Co.
Garbell, Adolph. Leitfaden für den Unterricht in der Russischen Sprache. Two Parts. Berlin. Langenscheidtsche Verlags-Buchhandlung.
Goss, W. L. In the Navy; or, Father against Son. T. Y. Crowell & Co. $1.50.
Greer, Rev. D. H. Visions: Sermons. Whittaker. $1.50.
Higginson, Ella. When the Birds Go North Again. Poems. Macmillan.
Johnson, W. M. Inside of One Hundred Homes. Doubleday & McClure Co. 50c.
King, Grace. De Soto and his Men in the Land of Florida. Macmillan. $1.50.
Kipling, Rudyard. Departmental Ditties. San Francisco: William Doxey. 50c.
Levere, W. C. Imperial America. Chicago: Forbes & Co. 25c.
Magruder, Julia. Labor of Love: A Story for Boys. Boston: Lothrop Publishing Co. 50c.
Ollivant, Alfred. Bob, Son of Battle. Doubleday & McClure Co.
Pattison, Prof. T. A. The Making of the Sermon. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society. $1.50.
Price, W. L. Model Houses for Little Money. Doubleday & McClure Co. 50c.
Ragozin, Zenaïde A. Siegfried the Hero of the North, and Beowulf the Hero of the Anglo-Saxons. Putnams. $1.50.
Richter, Alfred. Das Klavierspiel. Für Musikstudirende. Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel.
Ringwalt, R. C. Modern American Oratory. Seven Representative Orations. Henry Holt & Co. $1.
Romero, Matias. Mexico and the United States. Vol. I. Putnams. $4.50.
Rose, G. B. Renaissance Masters. Putnams. $1.
Scott, Sir W. The Abbot. 2 vols. [Temple Edition.] London: Dent; New York: Scribners. $1.60.
Sidney, Margaret. A Little Maid of Concord Town. Boston: Lothrop Publishing Co. $1.50.
Simmons, H. B. The Jingle Jangle Rhyme-Book. F. A. Stokes Co. $1.50.
Simonds, Prof. W. E. De Quincey's Revolt of the Tartars. Boston: Ginn & Co. 35c.
Smeaton, Oliphant. William Dunbar. [Famous Scots.] Scribners. 75c.
Smith, G. G. The Spectator. Vols. 6, 7 and 8. Scribners. Each $1.50.
Statham, H. H. Architecture among the Poets. London: B. T. Batsford; New York: Scribners. $1.75.
Sterry, Wasey. Annals of Eton College. London: Methuen & Co.
Thanet, Octave. A Slave to Duty, and Other Women. Chicago: H. S. Stone & Co.
Thompson, A. H. Cambridge and its Colleges. London: Methuen & Co.
Walter, Friedrich. Geschichte des Theaters und der Musik am Kurpfälzischen Hofe. Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel.
Watson, Prof. John. An Outline of Philosophy. 2d ed. Glasgow: James Maclehose & Sons; New York: Macmillan. $2.25.
Woodruff, Prof. E. H. Introduction to the Study of Law. Baker, Voorhis & Co. $1.

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